MAC

Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 21, 1959 / 25¢

IS DEMOCRACY POSSIBLE?

By Robert M. Hutchins

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

SR'S ANNUAL SURVEY OF RELIGIOUS BOOKS

Saul Bellow, author of "Henderson the Rain King" (See Literary Horizons)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today, food goes from packer to store to oven to the table in aluminum containers.

Dinners like grandma used to cook come in aluminum now

60 million frozen dinners, 400 million potpies, 75 million fruit and cream pies went to the table last year, most of them packaged in shining aluminum. But that's just part of the story about aluminum's growing role as a super salesman.

Marketing men say aluminum moves goods off the shelves *10 times faster* than other wraps. Result—production of foil containers alone pushed well past the billion mark in 1957 and the industry expects this annual volume to *triple* by 1960 . . . *quadruple* by 1965.

With packaging taking an ever-increasing share of the aluminum supply, America's need for basic aluminum will continue to rise steadily. Indeed—it is estimated that the demand for aluminum may well double in the next 10 years.

Fortunately—in neighboring Canada, Aluminium Limited has harnessed water power to create the vast amounts of electricity needed to make aluminum. As in the past, this dependable source will help U.S. businessmen meet their need for more aluminum.

Aluminium Limited sells no consumer products in the U.S. It specializes instead in supplying its customers with high-quality aluminum ingot and technical assistance to help them create new and better products.

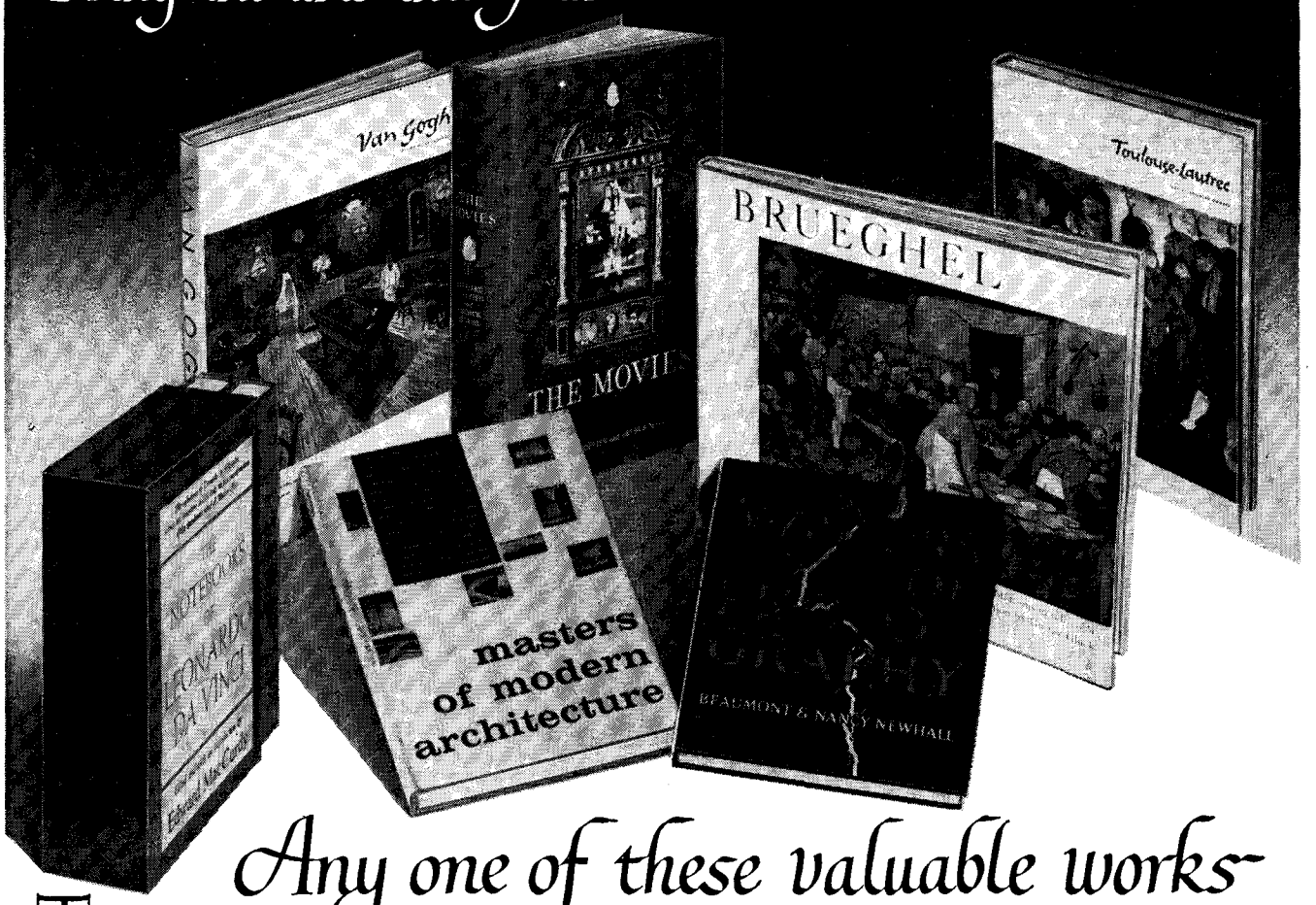
Aluminium Limited

In the U.S.: Aluminium Limited Sales, Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of

Bring the arts into your own home...



Any one of these valuable works for only $5

VALUES UP TO $20.00

The beautiful volumes pictured above are recent selections offered to members of THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY at prices far below retail. Each is beautifully bound and printed, authoritative in its field.

As an introduction to membership in the Society, we urge you to take your choice of these outstanding books for only $5.00, a fraction of their value. As a member you will receive each monthly issue of the beautifully illustrated Seven Arts News, containing a review of the forthcoming selection and a list of the many fine books available to members . . . all at special low membership prices.

Now you can fill your home with the finest books on the arts, volumes which are certain to hold a prominent place in your library and be a source of pride and enjoyment to you and your family.

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE

SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

1 **THE MOVIES.** By Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer in cooperation with the Museum of Modern Art. 456 pages, over 1500 photographs, 9″ x 12″. A huge and enthralling pictorial history showing the movies' growth into one of today's most important art forms. **Published at $15.00**

2 **MASTERS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE.** By John Peter. 232 photographs, 230 pages, 9½″x12¾″, 18 illustrations in text. Bibliography, indexes. A collection of vivid reproductions of the finest structures conceived by more than 60 of the world's best known architects: Sullivan, Wright, Le Corbusier, Van der Rohe and more than 60 others. **Published at $15.00**

3 **MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.** Edited, with an Introduction by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall. 192 pages, 9¾″ x 11¼″; more than 150 Black-and-white photograps; individual biographies, technical data and Index. The work of the foremost masters of the camera is here presented for the first time in a single volume. **Published at $12.50**

4 **VAN GOGH.** Text by Meyer Shapiro. 50 full-page reproductions in color, 20 monochrome illustrations, 132 pages, 9¾″ x 13″. An unmatched gallery of Van Gogh's greatest paintings: haunting self-portraits, restless fields and landscapes, portraits of the humble people he loved. Brilliant commentary on each of the plates and analysis of Van Gogh's special vision of reality. **Published at $15.00**

5 **BRUEGHEL.** Edited and with an introduction by Gustav Gluck. 82 plates in full color, 143 pages, 11½″ x 14″. Peter Brueghel the Elder was one of the greatest and most original artists of all time. In this superb volume, the laughter and sorrow of man, his simple pleasures and sublime beliefs have all been reproduced in the wonderful detail of Brueghel's originals. **Published at $20.00**

6 **THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.** Edited and with an introduction by Edward MacCurdy. In two volumes. A magnificent record of the reflections of Leonardo: in philosophy, science, art, invention, in Life itself, the first manifestations of the speculative mind of Modern Man. **Published at $10.00**

7 **TOULOUSE-LAUTREC.** 50 superb color plates, 150 pages, text by Douglas Cooper. Here in all its color and excitement is the life of Count Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. With fantastic skill and a passion for frankness and truth, he set down for all time the excitement of Montmartre. **Published at $15.00**

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY . . . MAIL TODAY!

The Seven Arts Book Society, Inc.
215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, for only $5.00 (plus postage and handling), the set or book I have indicated by encircling the appropriate number at the right. I am to receive Free the monthly Seven Arts News. I agree to buy as few as 4 additional books from the more than 100 titles offered during the course of a year. I may resign without any obligation after buying my fourth book.

Note: Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Name _____ (please print)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

S9-215

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What kind of people

General Electric share owners come from all walks of life;

Terrence Alers, shipping clerk at General Electric, is becoming an owner of the company he works for. He is one of the more than 100,000 General Electric men and women who are participating in the Company's Savings and Security Program. Under this plan, employees of General Electric can become share owners and accumulate savings for their future security.

Mrs. Helen Bloodgood, widow, is an owner of General Electric. Her husband had invested part of their savings in General Electric because he was attracted to its growth record over the years and its position in the dynamic electrical industry. Today, the dividends which Mrs. Bloodgood receives on her General Electric stock are providing her with regular income.

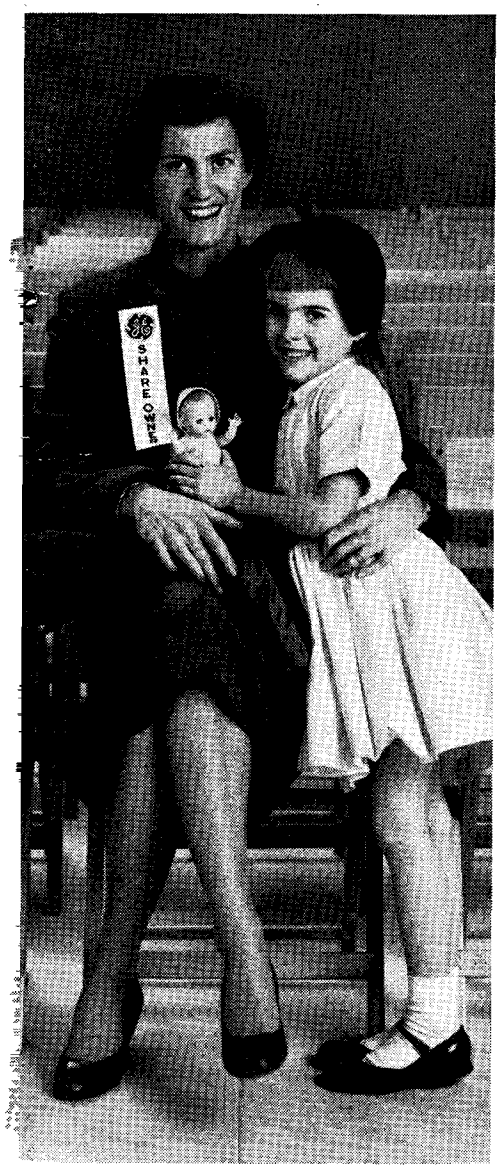
Larry Cichy, 11 years old, is an owner of General Electric. His shares were given to him by his parents as part of a savings fund which will help pay for his future education. The value of a stock, of course, reflects the growth of a company, its industry, and the economy, and Larry's parents are confident that the outlook for General Electric and the economy is bright.

THE number of men and women who are investing part of their savings in American business is growing steadily. This trend toward broader share ownership is good — not only for the individual share owner but for the nation as a whole. This trend has made American capitalism more and more a *people's capitalism*, where the profits of successful businesses benefit all people — not just a few. Millions of share owners of American business receive part of these profits in the form of dividends to reward them for their willingness to risk their savings. Another part of the profits of business is reinvested in research and development facilities as well as modernization and expansion. This benefits *everyone* by providing new and better products and services, new jobs, higher living standards, and a greater measure of strength and security for the nation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own General Electric?

they're typical of the people who own America's businesses



Mrs. Michael Griggs, housewife, is an owner of General Electric. As a way of saving, she and her husband buy stock through the Monthly Investment Plan offered by member firms of the New York Stock Exchange. The plan offers them their choice of the stocks of 1,100 corporations and puts investing on a budget basis — they may invest as little as $40 every three months.

William B. Simmons, coal dealer, is also an owner of General Electric. As a businessman, he can appreciate having some of the most experienced men in American business working for him on the Board of Directors of General Electric. The directors are noted for leadership in a variety of fields. They are elected by—and represent the interests of — the share owners.

***General Electric's* 400,000th share owner** of record will become an owner this spring. (In addition, an estimated 100,000 people are beneficial owners who have shares registered in the names of brokers or nominees of banks or trust companies.) Chances are that the 400,000th owner — like most General Electric share owners—will be the kind of person you meet every day.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

In certain circles it is fashionable to deprecate the historical novel. "I *never* read historical novels," I overheard a young man say, as he unfurrowed his moderately high brow and looked up from his third perplexed reading of a chapter in a recent book of literary criticism.

There are, of course, historical novels and historical novels, and anyone who dismisses the entire *genre* is automatically dismissing Scott, Dickens, Tolstoi, among historical novelists of the past, and Hope Muntz, H. F. M. Prescott and Bryher, among those writing today.

He will also be dismissing, foolishly, a new historical novel, "The Ghost of Monsieur Scarron," which ranks with the best of its kind written in recent years. Its author, like her contemporaries mentioned above, is also a woman, Janet Lewis, whose previous works, most notably "The Trial of Soren Qvist," have received the accolade of some of our most distinguished critics.

"The Ghost of Monsieur Scarron" is set in the France of Louis XIV. It not only contains a fascinating picture of life in that monarch's court and in the Paris of that day, but it also tells a story, based upon a famous miscarriage of justice, of four people who were eventually destroyed as a result of one woman's unthinking, amoral passion.

Historical this novel is, indeed. It is also a novel that all but the most "beat" can read with pleasure and without apology.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Ghost of Monsieur Scarron" ($3.95), by Janet Lewis, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is The Old Corner Book Store, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 21, 1959

Cover Photograph: Joseph Zimbrolt

SR/IDEAS

15 Is Democracy Possible? by Robert M. Hutchins
18 Strongbox of the Nation, by Evan Hill
28 Man's Search for Wholeness: An Editorial, by Glenn A. Olds

SR/BOOKS

20 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks lauds Saul Bellow's new novel
21 Mount Hope, by George Howe
22 The Wadsworths of the Genesee, by Alden Hatch
23 One Great Society; Reflections on Learning, by Howard Mumford Jones
24 New Knowledge in Human Values, edited by Abraham H. Maslow
25 Religion, Politics and the Higher Learning, by Morton White
26 Some Things Worth Knowing, by Stuart Chase
27 Thousand Cranes, by Yasunari Kawabata
39 *SR*'s Survey of Religious Books
44 Tolstoy or Dostoevsky, by George Steiner
45 D. H. Lawrence, by Edward Nehls
46 Johnson and Boswell, by Hesketh Pearson
47 Parties and Politics in Modern France, by Richard Barron
48 The Vichy Regime, by Robert Aron
49 A Commodity of Dreams, by Howard Nemerov
50 Fandango Rock, by John Masters

SR/DEPARTMENTS

8 Trade Winds
12 Phoenix Nest
29 Letters to the Editor
32 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert judges two new German film entries.
33 TV and Radio: Gilbert Seldes discusses televised talk.
34 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes sees Corwin's Lincoln.
35 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hears Verdi's "Macbeth."
37 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton scans Samarkand.
41 Literary I.Q.
42 Literary Crypt
53 Chess Corner
59 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1300

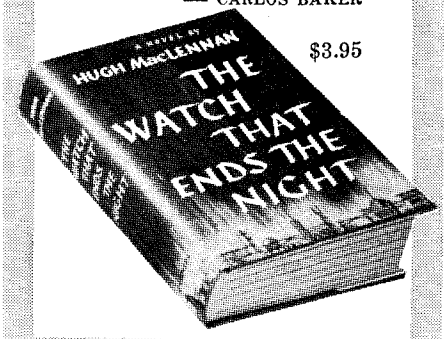
The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations, Vol. XLII, No. 8. February 21, 1959. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y. with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

Hugh MacLennan

THE WATCH THAT ENDS THE NIGHT

"The best novel by a Canadian I have ever read, and it surpasses in interest and importance most of the American novels I have read in recent years."
— CARLOS BAKER

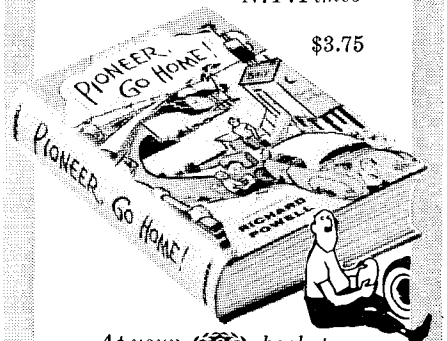


$3.95

Richard Powell

PIONEER, GO HOME!

"One of the most affable tales of liberty without license that has appeared since 'You Can't Take It With You.'"
— CHARLES POORE, *N.Y. Times*



$3.75

At your bookstore

SCRIBNERS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW HERE IS WHAT YOU MUST LOOK FOR

[NUMBER V]

Shopping at the whiskey store is a glorious experience, to be sure. And a frustrating one. There are so many pretty things to buy that one is like the theoretical horse, equidistant between two piles of hay, who starves to death before he decides which to eat. This will never do, of course. Therefore we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have gone to no little effort and expense to make pictures of the various bottles so you can "home in on them," as they say. If this catalogue helps you in your quest we will feel richly repaid for our trouble. Naturally, we can't tell you *which* to choose much as each of us would like to give you a hint. It's maddening to sit here not knowing which one will enjoy your favors. Perhaps the most humane thing would be to try all, in succession. Unless you are rich in which case you can scoop us all up at one time and have a tasting panel or an Irish Whiskey Festival replete with song and witticism. While Irish Whiskeys have marked, interesting differences, one from another, all share an emphatic deliciousness; a *burnished* distinctiveness of flavor. As you will discover. Ah, and haven't you the whole great world before you.

© 1958, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND *"In union there is strength"*

GILBEY'S
CROCK O' GOLD

JOHN JAMESON

POWER'S
GOLD LABEL

DUNPHY'S
ORIGINAL IRISH

TULLAMORE DEW

MURPHY'S

OLD BUSHMILLS

JOHN LOCKE

PADDY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

ON MAY 12, RINEHART is publishing Al Morgan's newest novel, "One Star General," and the word among the trade is that it might just make the Pentagon mad enough to draft the author for permanent KP.

"One Star General" is ex-combat soldier Morgan's third novel, and he is no stranger to controversy. "The Great Man" was a resounding nip at the electronic hand that fed him for almost twenty years. After a year's stint in Hollywood writing the screenplay for the book and an unreleased picture called "Jalopy" (said to be a violent attack on used-car dealers), Morgan gave the movie capital twenty-four hours to get out of town with his second novel, "Cast of Characters."

In "One Star General," the author is reported to be taking on the entire United States Army and West Point, two falls out of three. A smuggled set of galleys is supposed to be flying around the Pentagon, and one ex-colonel who saw the galleys said: "The section about Army brass loose in New York will have the services equally divided between outraged indignation and envy."

ONE REASON WHY books reach your bookstore with the minimum of confusion and the maximum of speed is because of the Baker & Taylor Company, wholesale distributors of the books of all publishers since 1828.

It's the largest outfit of its kind in the country, and its storage area in Hillside, New Jersey, handles a rotating supply of nearly 1,000,000 books. This includes 60,000 titles from more than 700 publishers.

Parents' Institute, which publishes *Parents' Magazine,* has just taken the operation over, and with it a staff of 250 book specialists who select, stock, and ship the books throughout this country and Canada.

Alan Hood remains as its chief book buyer. The Hood family has been closely associated with books from every angle. But one member of a few generations ago with a zest for adventure and an eye for profits set out to corner the buggy whip market. He succeeded.

One year later, Henry Ford came along with full production of his horseless carriage.

A BOOKSHOP THAT doesn't need to worry about book distribution is the official United Nations bookshop, on the lower floor of the visitor's entrance area. For the most part, its

supply of publications—nearly all published by the UN or its specialized agencies—lies a few feet away in local storage.

Books range in price from the "Basic Facts About the UN" at twenty-five cents, through the striking and incredibly beautiful UNESCO art books at $18, up to the "Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy," which will sell as high as $500 a set.

Robert Godsoe, the congenial manager of the shop, is an old Womrath and Doubleday man, who is intrigued by the differences between his present store and the conventional bookshop.

"We've got some special problems here which are a little challenging," he told us. "During the General Assembly sessions—our biggest season—we're likely to be waiting on everyone from an African tribesman in flowing robes to an eight-year-old schoolboy. Our staff has to be set up to handle nearly everything from Russian to Tagalog, which is a language of the Philippines."

In addition to Russian and Tagalog, the clerks can handle French, Spanish, Chinese, and Tamil, the language of southern India and Ceylon.

THE TAGALOG EXPERT at the bookshop is a bright and cheery young Filipino by the name of Fidel de Castro, who is a little tired by this time of people asking him just where his beard and his gun are.

"Having a name almost identical with a headline personality has its drawbacks. I get a fishy look every time I meet anybody new," Fidel said.

He came to this country originally on a UNESCO fellowship to study mass communications, returned to the Philippines to serve as a press and film man for the late President Magsaysay, and is now completing his master's in contemporary English literature.

"As an employee of the UN Book-

When the occasion demands it—Ballantine's 17 Year Old Scotch

A right royal Whisky in limited supply.

about $12 the fifth

"21" Brands . Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is the largest "labor group" in your state...?

...In state after state it's the growing group of workers who save trading stamps

THE trading stamp is one of the most widespread forms of saving ever developed. It is completely painless because it requires no disciplined setting aside of money from pay checks. It is impartial because it is open to everyone, share and share alike, regardless of income.

For all these reasons, the trading stamp is particularly meaningful to the family getting along on a small wage. For them it is a second "savings account."

In some cases, the trading stamp may be the one and only form of savings a family can "afford." Even though a family may never be a regular depositor in a savings bank, it can make regular deposits in a trading stamp collector's book whenever it buys food, gasoline, drugs, clothing, the things it must have just to live.

With their stamps a family looks forward to getting appliances and home furnishings that will improve its standard of living. And, perhaps best of all, the family attains an extra measure of happiness without going into debt a single penny.

Nor can we overlook the direct contribution of the trading stamp industry to employment. Each year half a billion dollars' worth of merchandise must be created from the raw materials of ranches, mines, farms and forests. The creation of this merchandise and its distribution to redemption stores requires the full-time employment of about 90,000 workers.

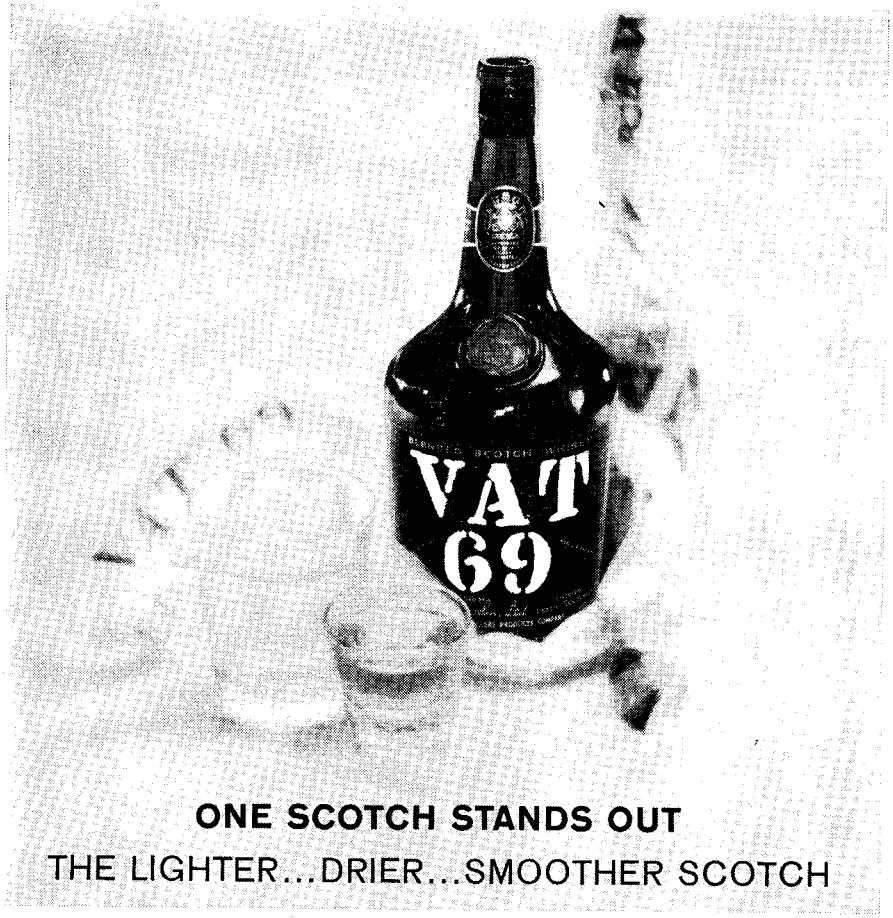
Thus the trading stamp is not only a part of a way of life for America's working families but a livelihood, too, for many. For its encouragement of thrift, for its outright help toward a better standard of living for all, the trading stamp industry is a basic ingredient of America's business structure.

* * *

NOTE: If you would like to receive research material about the trading stamp industry... or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

This message is one of a series presented for your information by
THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY *which pioneered 63 years ago in the movement to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash.*
S&H GREEN STAMPS *are currently being saved by over 22 million families.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT

THE LIGHTER...DRIER...SMOOTHER SCOTCH

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.

"COFFEE-BREAK," 18,000 FEET OVER THE PACIFIC. Extra courtesies—happi coats to wear enroute, authentic kuchitori hors d'oeuvres, refreshing o-shibori hot towels—served by a charming kimono-clad hostess, make JAL's Deluxe service the unquestioned choice of businessmen and vacationers alike. Ask your travel agent about JAL's daily radar-equipped flights.

fly JAPAN AIR LINES *U.S. to the Orient via Hawaii*

JAL

New York · Washington, D.C. · Cleveland
Chicago · Seattle · San Francisco · Los Angeles · Honolulu

shop, we get free tuition up to six points per semester at Columbia," he said. "It's a valuable bonus." He is a published poet of respectable stature in the Philippines, in addition to having directed, produced, and acted in several motion pictures there.

With degrees from both the University of the Philippines and the University of Manila in English and education, he enjoys chatting with the wide variety of customers in the shop from all over the world.

"I love to meet all kinds of peo-

ple," he said. "And I'm happy when I talk with them. People come in here eager to talk—and it makes *me* feel good to make them feel good."

WHILE AT THE UN, we had a chance to clear up some of the questions that have been bothering us about its own distinctive geopolitical situation.

It is not technically part of the United States, or New York State, or New York City, for that matter. But all the loose talk about its being "extra-territorial" is not quite as romantic as it seems.

In order to save a lot of time and confusion, the UN has agreed—by actual treaty—that this country's Federal, state, and local laws shall apply to the Headquarters district.

Without this agreement, things could get a little sticky. The UN has no criminal courts, and a bloodthirsty murderer might very well have lured a couple of victims on to the territory and done away with them. Just what kind of justice would have taken care of him would have been hard to say.

In case there *is* any confusion between the UN and the U. S. laws, the agreement provides for the UN prevailing over any of the local laws. But there has been very little trouble along that line.

Technically, though, the New York City police are not permitted to enter without being asked to by the UN. Conceivably, a criminal could make a fifty-yard dash from First Avenue, and on to UN territory, leaving the Pride of the Finest panting at the gates.

Actually, no such incident could take place to the profit of the criminal. The established legal doctrine of "hot pursuit"—which applies to state lines everywhere—would most certainly apply here, even though it is not officially covered. In addition, our hypothetical suspect would run straight into the arms of a vigorous

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and alert UN security force, which would outnumber any quantity of police you're likely to find on First Avenue. The guards are fully provided with authority to *expel*—and delivery into the arms of the New York police would only be a matter of moments.

IF YOU SHOULD BE a secretary working for the UN, you'd find that you would be exempt from the conventional Federal Social Security deductions—but in place of them would be an equivalent plan created by the UN itself to take care of this function.

And, on the pay checks for UN employees, no income tax deductions appear. It would be out of line for the UN to act as a tax collector for the United States. However, the inevitable income tax must be taken care of quarterly on the employee's own initiative, and nothing is gained. No income tax, however, is leveled on non-U. S. citizens.

IN THE TREATY AGREEMENT, reference is made to persons "residing inside the UN district." This phrase is a vestigial remnant left over from the time when the UN was considering several rural areas like Stamford, Connecticut—where actual housing developments might well have been built inside the UN territorial limits.

Squeezed between First Avenue and the East River, there is no room for housing—except for one dwelling unit. It's a small apartment set aside for the Secretary-General to use when pressure makes it urgent for him to stay close to the job.

WITH THE UN ruled out as a place of asylum, the minor tragedy of four-year-old Erik Lazar of New York seems all the more piquant.

Receiving a mild but brisk and necessary spanking from his mother, he turned to her with giant tears in his eyes.

"If you spank me once more," he said, "I'm going to another land!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1299)

MORTON:
VALENTINE FOR A HUSBAND

Slave to golf scores and the standing of the Yanks,
You'd be embarrassed by a valentine
With hearts and Cupids in a coy design.
So: For the life we have together, thanks.
You're no Great Lover, but you're not so bad.
Suppose I'd married Juan — or Galahad!

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SMOOCH

Back in my courting days (the raccoon coat was all the rage, everybody was singing *Good Morning, Mister Zip Zip Zip*, and young Bonaparte had just left Corsica), back, I say, in my courting days, the standard way to melt a girl's heart was to write poetry to her.

I don't understand why young men today have abandoned this gambit. There is nothing like poetry for moving a difficult girl. What's more, poems are ridiculously easy to write. The range of subjects is endless. You can write a poem about a girl's hair, her eyes, her lips, her walk, her talk, her clothes—anything at all. Indeed, one of my most effective love lyrics was called *To Maud's Pencil Box*. It went like this:

In your dear little leatherette
pencil box
Are pencils of yellow and red,
And if you don't tell me you
love me soon,
I'll hit you on top of the head.

Honesty compels me to admit that this poem fell short of success. Nothing daunted, I wrote another one. This time I pulled a switch; I threatened *myself* instead of Maud.

Oh, Maud, pray stop this drivel
And tell me you'll be mine,
For my sweetbreads they do shrivel
And wind around my spine.

My heart doth cease its beating.
My spleen uncoils and warps,
My liver stops secreting,
Soon I needs be a corpse.

When this heart-rending ballad failed to win Maud, I could only conclude that she was cruel and heartless and I was better off without her. Accordingly I took back my Hi-Y pin, bade her adieu, and have not clapped eyes on her since. Last I heard, she was working in Galveston as a Plimsoll line.

But I did not mourn Maud long, for after Maud came Doris—Doris of the laughing eyes, Doris of the shimmering hair, Doris of the golden tibiae! Within moments of meeting her, I whipped up a torrent of trochaic tetrameter:

Oh, my sweet and dulcet Doris!
I love you like a Philip Morris
With its mild and rich tobacco
In its white and scarlet pack-o.
I'd swim from Louisville to Natchez
For Philip Morris and you and matches.

Well, of course, the dear girl couldn't resist a poem like that—what girl could?—and she instantly became my slave. For the rest of the semester she carried my books, washed my car, and cored my apples. There is no telling where it all would have ended if she hadn't been drafted.

So, men, you can see the power of poetry. Try it yourself. All you need is a rhyming dictionary, a quill pen, and a second-hand muse.

© 1959, Max Shulman

* * *

Let's drop rhyme and turn to reason. The reason Marlboro has gone to the head of the filter cigarette class is simple: better "makin's"—a flavor that pleases, a filter that works. Marlboro—from the makers of Philip Morris.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A rich biography, crammed with tales of chivalry and conspiracy

JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND

by **JOHN T. APPLEBY**

The biography of the English King who has no namesake, a fourth son who betrayed his father, attempted to usurp his brother's throne, defied the Pope, promised a Sultan that England would embrace Islam, and signed Magna Carta.

Mr. Appleby writes well and vigorously. His sources are the old chronicles and he has woven their threads into a lucid, fast-moving and human narrative.

2 maps

$5.00 at most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF,
Publisher of Borzoi Books

TRUMAN CAPOTE'S

FRISKY BEST SELLER

Breakfast at Tiffany's

With the heroine who is "a cross between a grown-up Lolita and a teen-age Auntie Mame."—TIME

Now in its 7th large printing
$3.50 RANDOM HOUSE

SONORAMA

The magazine that talks and sings for you in French.
January issue best yet!
Hear Callas, Pierre Spiers, Dalida, Pres. Coty's farewell.
Exclusive in U.S.A. with
EUROPEAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.
1475 Broadway, New York 36, New York

Coming March 14
SR's *Spring Travel Issue*

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

MOTHER GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGG

(A Play for Very Little Children)

(A cute little girl of about eight, named Sally, comes out onto the stage and starts to recite.)

SALLY:

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing—

(But a man in his shirtsleeves, weighing about two hundred pounds, makes an entrance at this point and interrupts.)

THE MAN: What's the idea this?

STAGE MANAGER: Idea what?

THE MAN: Don't give me that—I'm from the Musicians' Union. You know the rules well as I do. Them four and twenty blackbirds! You going to have four and twenty blackbirds come out and sing you got to hire four and twenty standby blackbirds from the Union. You know that!

STAGE MANAGER: But I don't see—

THE MAN: Another thing! This King Cole or somebody you had yelling for three fiddlers. From now on he yells for six fiddlers, two horns, drums, and an oboe.

STAGE MANAGER: But it seems to me—

(Another man has entered. Two hundred and fifty pounds.)

2ND MAN: Talk to you a minute?

STAGE MANAGER: Sure!

2ND MAN: Pastry Makers' Union! Where you going to get this pie?

STAGE MANAGER: But it isn't a real pie. She just—

2ND MAN: Talk about a pie gotta have a real pie off-stage. How big this pie?

STAGE MANAGER: It's not big. It just—

2ND MAN: Holds a lot of birds, some kind.

STAGE MANAGER: Blackbirds. Little bits of things. They—

2ND MAN: How many of 'em?

STAGE MANAGER: Uh—four and twenty. But they're very—

2ND MAN: Four and twenty of 'em. Need a pie six foot-three diameter.

(But a third man has entered. Two hundred and seventy-five pounds.)

3RD MAN: Pie Carriers' Union! How many men going to carry that pie?

STAGE MANAGER: Nobody carries it. It's just off-stage.

3RD MAN: Somebody got to *put* it off-stage, don't they?

STAGE MANAGER: Uh—yes—but we—

3RD MAN: My advice put on four men before the matinee tomorrow.

(But a fourth man has entered. Three hundred pounds.)

4TH MAN: Society Prevention Cruelty Blackbirds! How long them birds going to be in that pie?

(But the curtain is down.)

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

Matinee Idyl

• • •

A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR

CAN one be a gentleman *and* a scholar? The phrase is peculiarly American, a piece of old-fashioned, orotund, rustic blarney, a cliché of insincere praise. Was it meant to suggest the felicitous combination of two admirable accomplishments or did the flattery intend to go further and suggest that the recipient combined in himself virtues elsewhere irreconcilable?

Probably the first. Gentlemen and scholars were alike alien to the experience of most who employed the phrase and there is little likelihood that they even guessed at their fundamental opposition.

For if *gentleman* be interpreted in the American sense, as designating a man endowed with natural kindness, marked by delicate consideration for others and graced with polished manners, nothing could be more opposed to it than *scholar*. A scholar is interested in the pursuit and publication of facts. Nothing is more ruthless, less considerate, more devoid of kindness. And few occupations have been marked by manners as consistently bad as those shown by scholars. They are not interested in making a good impression. They shouldn't be.

Of course if *gentleman* is interpreted in the English sense, as designating one of a good family, with some education, and not in trade, the combination is possible. Indeed, it has been made many times. Newton was a gentleman and a scholar. So was Darwin. So were Lecky, Buckle, and a dozen others. But the English sense of *gentleman* won't do; the phrase is used only in America.

—BERGEN EVANS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REFLECTIONS ON A SIGNIFICANT PHENOMENON OF THE TIMES

The undie ads show girls with curves
From stem to stern and bosom.
Why is it in the fashion plates
The models all must lose 'em?
—BRADFORD SMITH.

• • •

FRATERNITY MAN

MY SON Charlie may be the youngest fraternity man in the United States. He belongs, or they are convinced he belongs, to Beta Theta Pi, and graduated from Michigan State about ten years ago. When I think of his going through Hell Week, or whatever they call it at Michigan, at the age of three, it makes my head whirl. When Charlie was leaving nursery school someone with his name was reaching for a diploma.

The mistake was Michigan's. I wrote explaining Charlie's age and so on; they never replied.

The answer is deep in their mailing list. A departing brother's error, perhaps, or the result of a dark plot to diminish fraternity funds. I've even wondered if it wasn't a thrifty plan on the part of the real Charlie Jenssen—a despairing bid for anonymity.

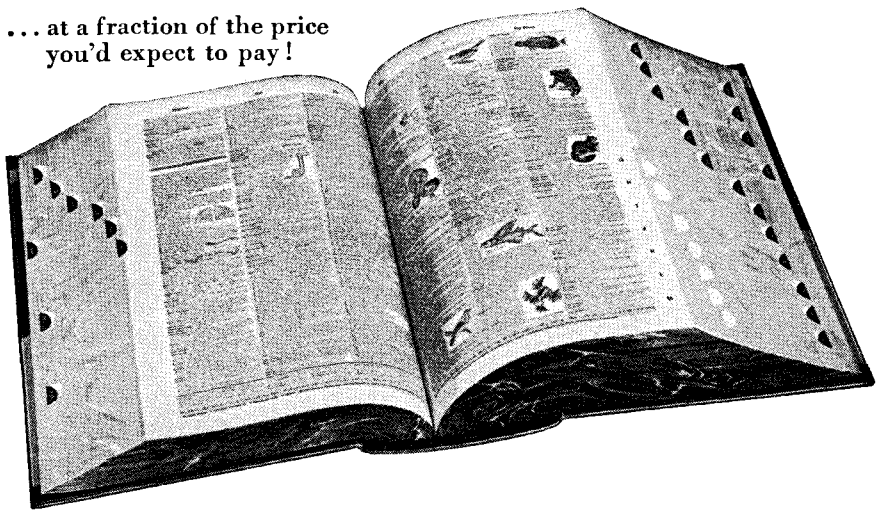
Now I relax and enjoy my son's mail. First of all he gets the alumni news with all the doings. He gets dunned for dues. He gets chummy letters ("Dammit, Charlie, we've got to make *this* Homecoming a real gasser!") and he gets pleading letters about school spirit. He's gotten all kinds of invitations to dinners for Betas-of-the-Year, Month or College. We have a road map with directions for the gasser of a Homecoming.

Sometimes I catch myself wondering if I ought to send Charlie to one of the things the brothers are planning. Their sincerity makes me feel vaguely guilty. Maybe I should try again to get through to the Chapter secretary with the facts. I wonder if they wonder why he never shows up.

Probably Charlie's been written off as having the kind of wife who keeps her husband out of post-college life. They needn't worry. We've gotten quite fond of Beta Theta Pi and now that we're grooming Charlie for the rigors of college life to come, I think he could do worse than aim directly for Michigan. After all, he's known there. —ELLEN JENSSEN.

Answers more questions than any other reference work

... at a fraction of the price you'd expect to pay!



Brings into your home accurate information on every subject known to man . . . with thousands of illustrations . . . heartily recommended by leaders in every field of knowledge

Here is the most helpful basic reference work that you can have in your home!

It is the most complete dictionary ever published — containing thousands of words and definitions not included in any other dictionary.

It is the world's greatest "information center" — equivalent in printed material to an 18-volume encyclopedia . . . containing so much encyclopedic matter that it has become famous as the great "question answerer."

It covers the entire range of man's knowledge — vocabulary, geography, biography, the arts, the sciences, the professions — opening up for you all the cultural and practical knowledge of this eventful era.

Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, is one of the most inspiring purchases you will ever make for yourself and your family. It is an invaluable aid to students and to leaders in business and every profession . . . an unequaled "partner" in word games and puzzles . . . a "question answerer" so informative and intriguing that someone in your family will turn to it nearly every day.

As your family develops the "look it up" habit, their questions will be answered with complete accuracy, for this New International is the same unabridged *Merriam-Webster* relied on by schools and libraries as "the Supreme Authority" of the English-speaking world.

Don't let the years roll by without giving yourself and your family the benefit of this wonderful, low-cost reference work. See Webster's New International at department, book, or stationery stores.

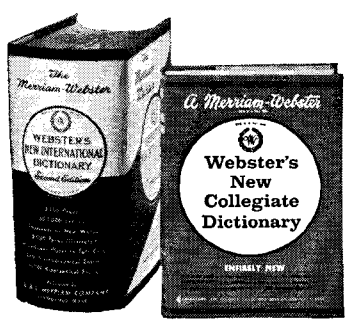
• • •

WARNING: Don't confuse this genuine Webster's New International Dictionary with "big" dictionaries offered as supermarket premiums or in "free" offers. Always look for the *Merriam-Webster* trademark to protect yourself from inferior substitutes.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary ($5 and up) is the only desk dictionary based on the New International. It is the dictionary required or recommended by nearly all schools and colleges. There should be an up-to-date copy in every home.



FREE — Illustrated Booklet of Word Origins

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 482 Springfield 2, Mass.

Please mail me your free illustrated booklet, "Interesting Origins of English Words." Also send me more information about Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

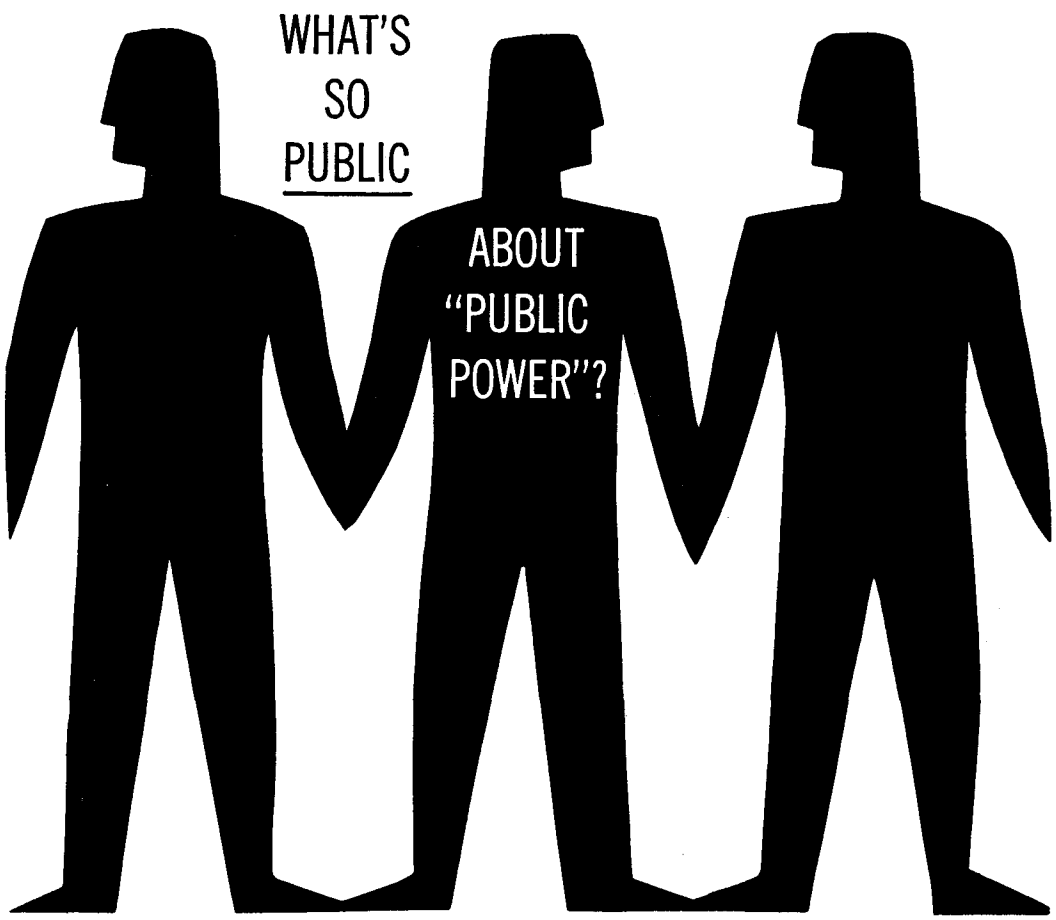
Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Advt. Copyright by G. & C. Merriam Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Public power" is a favorite term of the proponents of federal government electricity. But what's so *public* about "public power"—except that the public pays for it through taxes?

The public never asked for federal government electricity in the first place. Opinion polls show that most Americans would rather have the independent electric companies run the electric business.

And nine-tenths of the public doesn't get the *electricity* from the federal power systems. That goes to the relatively few "preferred customers" near the government power plants.

But the public *pays* for it—and pays plenty! To date, about 5½ *billion* dollars in tax money has been spent to build federal government electric systems. These billions are just a beginning if the "public power" pressure groups have their way. Right now they're pressing hard for 10 billion *more!*

And the whole program is so unnecessary. The independent electric companies are ready and able to provide all the electricity the nation will ever need —without using tax funds.

So far, the federal "public power" lobbyists and pressure groups have succeeded with this multi-billion-dollar tax grab because the public doesn't understand the facts and forces behind it. But informed Americans can stop it.

Will *you* help spread the word?

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

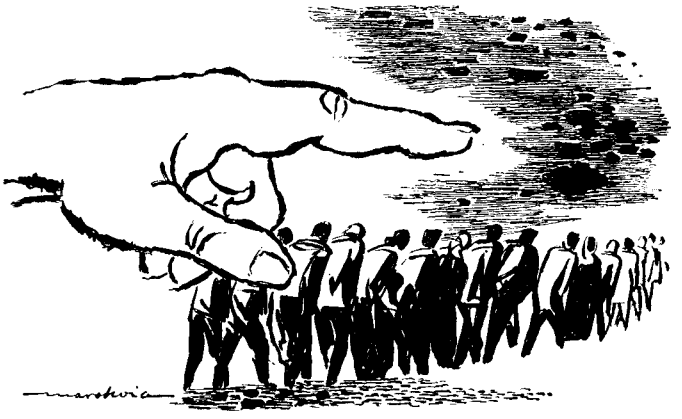
Company names on request through this magazine

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 21, 1959

IS DEMOCRACY POSSIBLE?

Robert M. Hutchins, who is president of the Fund for the Republic, has devoted a lifetime trying to strengthen the fibers of democracy. As president and then chancellor of the University of Chicago, he initiated an educational revolution the results of which are still very much in evidence today. Mr. Hutchins has written a number of books, the latest being "Freedom, Education and the Fund" and "Some Observations on American Education." The following comments on democracy and its future have been adapted from his recent speech of acceptance of the Sidney Hillman Award for 1958.



By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

THE faith in which I was brought up was as simple and confident as the environment. Democracy was the answer to everything, including the ills of democracy. These ills would be cured by more democracy. The ideal toward which we were moving was the civilization of the dialogue, where everybody talked with everybody else about everything, where nobody tried to get his way by force or fraud, where everybody was content to abide by the decision of the majority as long as the dialogue could continue. Democracy meant self-government, and self-government meant primarily participation by the individual, at least through the selection of his representatives, in decisions affecting his life and happiness. Since decisions affecting the citizen's life and happiness were taken not merely by his government, but also by many other institutions, corporations, trade unions, and political parties, for example, the thing to do was to democratize them, as well as the government.

In this view the great crime is to try to prevent other people from speaking up, or to say that there are certain things you won't talk about, or certain people you won't talk to, either at home or abroad. In this view education and communication are of prime importance, because if you can't hear what the others are saying, or can't understand it, or if they can't hear or understand you, there can't be any dialogue, and democracy becomes meaningless.

The democratic faith is faith in man, faith in every man, faith that man, if he is well enough educated and well enough informed, can solve the problems raised by his own aggregation.

One advantage of this faith is that it is practically shock-proof. Industrialization can sweep the world; nationalism and technology can threaten the extinction of the human race; and population can break out all over. Man can take off from this planet as his ancestors took off from the primordial ooze and try to make other planets from which to shoot. Education can be made trivial beyond belief. The media of communication can be turned into media of entertainment. The dialogue can almost stop because people have nothing to say, or, if they have something to say, no place to say it. And still it is possible to believe that if democracy and the dialogue can continue, if they can be expanded, if they can be improved, freedom, justice, equality, and peace will ultimately be achieved.

SOME shocks I have received lately have bothered me a little. The first came when during the excitement of last year I was recommending my democratic panacea as a remedy for the ills of the labor unions to the people on the trade union project of the Fund for the Republic. They informed me that the idea of government by the people had little application to labor unions and that in any event demo-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cratic forms in unions were no safeguard against antisocial behavior on their part. In fact, they said, some of the unions in which democratic forms were most conspicuous were the most antisocial.

The second shock came when at the conclusion of my usual tirade against the wild irrationality of our foreign policy I explained to the people on the common defense project of the Fund for the Republic that we should subject that policy to democratic control. My colleagues pointed out to me that in addition to being impossible this was unconstitutional, and had always been regarded as such, and that whatever I might think of the policies followed by the President and the Secretary of State, and however much I might dislike being blown up or suffocated as a result of these policies, the Founding Fathers intended that I should be in precisely this position. In any event, they said, there was no way, particularly in view of the enormous technical problems of modern warfare and international relations, in which the citizens could actually participate in the decisions upon which their lives depended.

The third shock came when I was proposing my usual remedy to the people on the project on political parties, which deals with the political process in a free society. Participation was my watchword. Get out the vote. Or, as the Advertising Council has it, "Vote as You Please, but Please Vote." My associates indicated to me that getting people out to vote when they did not know what they were voting for was not helpful, and might be harmful, to the objects I had in view. Under modern conditions, they said, it might be that responsible political participation and decision by the citizens would prove to be impossible, anyway.

Somewhat shaken, I went to the conference on the Island of Rhodes on Representative Government and Public Liberties in the New States. The basic problem of the conference turned out to be whether government by the people is possible, or even desirable, in the modern world. The sense of relief with which members from the new state welcomed military dictatorships in their countries and with which the Frenchmen present welcomed de Gaulle was a measure of the current disenchantment with democracy. These men saw no way of adjusting democratic institutions to contemporary realities. What they hope for is a period of order in which the most acute problems, like Algeria in France and corruption in Siam, may be solved; after which they may, or may not, try government by the people again.

Eminent European philosophers and political scientists present reassured the members from the new states, three of whose governments turned into military dictatorships while the conference was in session, by telling them that democracy was an illusion in both old and new states, for different reasons. In the new states we could not expect government by the people because they lacked education, communication, organization, and law. In the old states it had been out of date since the Peloponnesian War, and even then it was not what we mean by democracy now. Pericles, a leader of the Left, struck thousands of voters from the rolls because they could not prove that both their parents were native-born Athenians. Greek democracy was based on a uniformity of ideas and practices appropriate to an extended family group. The kind of government by the people that may be said to have worked in Athens and in the New England town meeting could not possibly work in a large, heterogeneous, industrial, bureaucratic society. The most we could hope for was order, efficiency, and the maintenance of civil liberties, those rights historically carved out against governmental interference with private life. Alexander Pope, whose celebrated lines had always seemed to me as false as they were celebrated, was justified at last:

> For forms of government let fools contest
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

I came away from Rhodes with the foreboding that we might be at the beginning of something new in the last 100 years—a world-wide antidemocratic trend that had little or nothing to do with the intimidations or seductions of the Kremlin. (It was significant that in eight days of discussion no member from any new state said a word about Communisim or Russia.) This antidemocratic trend would reverse the aspirations of all men of good will—at least since 1848—for government by the people. It would have alarming connotations for the United States in the realm of foreign policy. It should force us to re-examine the assumptions and slogans by which we have lived in the light of the actual operation of our institutions in the new industrialized, polarized, bureaucratic world.

If you ask how my democratic faith is doing,

> Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

I reply that it is still here. Perhaps the gleam is not quite as bright as it used to be, and somewhat more visionary, but it is still here. Yet, even at my age, I cannot long sustain a position to which my reason will not assent. The shocks I have received are recent; and I cannot claim that I have absorbed them or that I know how to repel others in the future. Perhaps what I can do is to communicate the sense of crisis that I feel and to ask others to join in thinking for a moment how that faith can be defended.

THE faith rests on the propositions that man is a political animal; that participation in political decisions is necessary to his fulfillment and happiness; that all men can and must be sufficiently educated and informed to take part in making these decisions; that protection against arbitrary power, though indispensable, is insufficient to make either free individuals or a free society, and that such a society must make positive provisions for its development into a community learning together. For this is what political participation, government by consent, and the civilization of the dialogue all add up to.

If we are to become a community learning together, as I insist we can, the first thing we have to do is to make up our minds that we want to learn. We have lived on a note of triumphant philistinism. Here is a characteristically triumphant proclamation made by Carl D. Becker, perhaps the most celebrated American historian of his day, in 1931. He said, "Our supreme object is to measure and master the world, rather than to understand it. . . . Viewed scientifically, it appears as something to be accepted, something to be manipulated and mastered, something to adjust ourselves to with

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the least possible stress. So long as we can make efficient use of things, we feel no irresistible need to understand them. No doubt it is for this reason chiefly that the modern mind can be so wonderfully at ease in a mysterious universe."

At ease, indeed! Anybody who feels at ease in the world today is a fool. And anybody who would say now that he was content to master and manipulate the environment without bothering to understand how it worked or what to do with it would show first that he did not know what science was, for science is nothing but organized understanding and second that he had no grasp of the kind of problems we now confront. The great overwhelming problems of our country are how to make democracy a reality, how to survive in the nuclear age, and what to do with ourselves if we do survive. None of these problems is technological, though technology has helped to create all of them, and none of them will yield to the kind of measurement, manipulation, or mastery that Professor Becker had in mind. We may, in fact, reverse his statement of 1931 and come nearer the truth of 1959. Then it would go like this: no doubt it is because we have felt no irresistible need to understand the world that the modern mind can be so wonderfully ill at ease in a mysterious universe.

The next question is, how are we going to learn? History will have trouble with American education in the twentieth century. It will see a people who say they are dedicated to education and who are the richest in the world indifferent to education and unwilling to pay for it. It will see an educational system that delivers less education per dollar than any I can think of saying that all it needs is more money. The people and the educators are united only in this: they both want education without pain, either intellectual or financial. History will find it hard to explain how a nation that *is* one, a nation in which the political subdivisions have almost no relation to social or economic life and very little to political life, can entrust its future to these subdivisions by relegating education to them. History will smile sardonically at the spectacle of this great country getting interested, slightly and temporarily, in education only because of the technical achievements of Russia, and then being able to act as a nation only by assimilating education to the Cold War and calling an education bill a defense act.

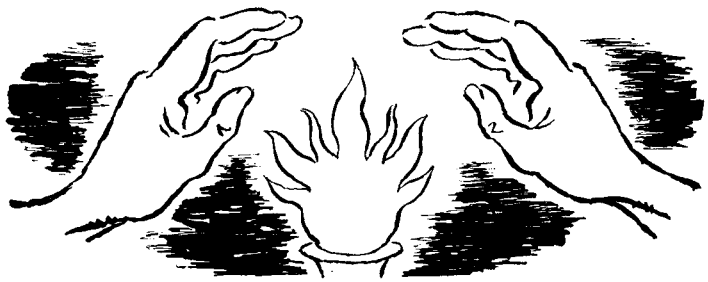
We might as well make up our minds to it. If our hopes of democracy are to be realized, every citizen of this country is going to have to be educated to the limit of his capacity. And I don't mean trained, amused, exercised, accommodated, or adjusted. I mean that his intellectual power must be developed. A good way to start finding the money that is needed for education would be to kick out of it the subjects, the activities, and the people that make no contribution to the development of intellectual power. Such an operation would produce vast sums. I suggest that two things might be done with this money and with any more that may be needed: first, we should double teachers' salaries, not because all the teachers we have deserve twice as much as they are getting, but because we want to attract the ablest people into the profession; and second, we should establish a national system of scholarships that makes it possible for every citizen of this country to be educated to the limit of his mental capacity, regardless of the financial capacity of his parents.

If life is learning, and I think it is, and if our object is to become a community learning together, education ought to continue throughout life. Here is the great educational opportunity and obligation of the next generation. The education of adults is not only indispensable to the continuation, expansion, and improvement of the dialogue, but it is also an answer to the question of what we are going to do with ourselves if we survive. As automation advances, as new sources of energy are applied in industry, as the hours of labor decline, we have the chance to become truly human by using our new and disturbing leisure to develop our highest human powers to the utmost. Here we can build on the experience of such organizations as the Great Books Foundation, which has succored tens of thousands of refugees from television.

This brings me to the media of mass communications. If our hopes of democracy are to be realized, the media must supply full and accurate information on which the people can base their judgment on public affairs and they must offer a forum for the discussion of those affairs. I doubt if there are six cities of any size in the United States in which the newspapers come anywhere near meeting these requirements. As for radio and television, with a few distinguished exceptions now and then, they make no attempt to meet them. A dozen years ago the Commission on the Freedom of the Press recommended the establishment of a continuing independent agency, privately financed, to appraise and report periodically on the performance of the media. Everything that has happened since, and especially the use of the most marvelous electronic methods of communication for the communication of the most insignificant material, makes the adoption of this recommendation more urgent every day.

If we were well educated and well informed, could we make ourselves felt in the realm of political action? In the Republic as I have described it every act of assent on the part of the governed is a product of learning. Could we learn by doing in politics? Or would the archaic structure of our government and the vast bureaucratic machine that goes creaking on, following the right procedure instead of seeking the right result, prevent us from using our newly won education and information as active, deciding, responsible citizens?

Today the dialogue is impeded by obsolescent practices and institutions from the long ballot to the presidential primary, from the electoral college to the organization of cities, counties, and states. In too frequent elections unknown persons by the hundreds running for insignificant offices, and improper questions, like the dozens submitted at every California election, are presented to the electorate. This is not democracy, but a perversion of it.



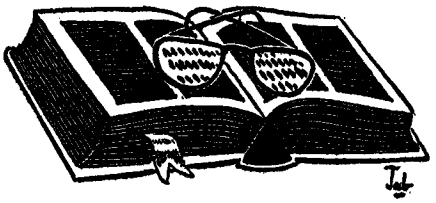
The political anatomy is full of vermiform appendices, many of them, like Arkansas, inflamed.

Some of these obsolescent practices stop the dialogue in its tracks, like the failure of the FCC and Congress to develop any concept of the public interest, convenience, and necessity. Some of them distort the dialogue by throwing false weights into it, as the electoral college gives a false weight to the large states and the laws on campaign expenditures give money an overwhelmingly false weight in elections. One thing is certain: if our hopes of democracy are to be realized, the next generation is in for a job of institutional remodeling the like of

(*Continued on page* 58)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRONGBOX OF THE NATION



By EVAN HILL

IT IS a beautiful, inspiring building, as are so many in Washington. Its huge limestone columns reach high above Constitution Avenue, giving it a dignity that reflects its contents. For behind its thirteen-ton bronze doors, permanently safe for the ages, is the collected experience of a nation in peace and in crisis.

Here you can see the three great charters of the United States: the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights, on permanent display in the Exhibition Hall where almost half a million Americans see them each year.

Here are the original 507 bound volumes, firmly quill-penned from 1774 to 1789, that record forever the birth struggles of a nation. Here is the Treaty of Paris, which formally ended the American Revolution; Admiral Perry's reports on the opening of Japan; abolitionist petitions signed by Thoreau, Holmes, Whittier, and Emerson; Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation; and the receipt for the Alaska Purchase.

Here are General George Custer's last reports before the Little Big Horn massacre, Blackjack Pershing's general orders, and Woodrow Wilson's messages to Congress.

Here are the Japanese and German surrender documents which ended the fighting in World War II.

This is the National Archives, a huge six-story building where Dr. Wayne C. Grover, Archivist of the United States, and a staff of 250 guard more than 775,000 cubic feet of priceless heritage—a mass of documents that would fill more than 100,000 four-drawer file cabinets and would extend for 150 miles. This is the record of a nation's beginnings, accomplishments, and experience from 1770 onward.

The permanently valuable records of every United States agency that exists or ever has existed are carefully filed in the building's 196 air-conditioned, humidity-controlled, windowless stack areas, protected by concrete and steel from heat and cold, dampness and sunlight. In hundreds of thousands of specially designed records boxes and in thousands of rows of steel shelving are the letters of presidents and kings, the hopes of senators, the worries of our consuls abroad.

But the great building is far from being a dead storage loft. This is the strongbox of a nation, a well-organized, constantly used depository of a democracy's most exciting and valuable history.

Each year the National Archives answers more than 400,000 questions, helping to solve the problems of a government and its people. When the U.S. Coast Guard wanted to study air and ice conditions that threaten navigation in the Bering Sea, it went to the Archives to read back through half a century in the logs of United States vessels that plied the arctic. When General Eisenhower's weather experts were ordered to suggest dates for the Normandy invasion, they studied thousands of Weather Bureau records in the National Archives, reaching years into the past to insure the success of the future.

In 1944 when Pentagon planners plotted General MacArthur's return to the Philippines, they called on the Archives for help, and soon were studying the islands from 150 Spanish-made maps taken from Spain in 1898. Some of these were so finely detailed, tracing every jungle trail accurately, that for certain areas they were superior to any map then in the hands of the United States.

When Internal Revenue men in 1954 needed statistics to bolster prosecution in a huge tax evasion case, they went to the Archives' Commerce Department files to document a vital fact in the case—the amount of tomato paste imported from Italy before 1941.

Almost half of the Archives' aid goes to individual American citizens.

Recently an eighty-year-old Swedish-born South Dakota farmer decided to renew his application for Social Security benefits. For months he had been trying to prove that he was a U. S. citizen, but in the records of the Immigration Service and his district court he simply did not exist. Finally he wrote the Department of the Interior, which sent his letter to the National Archives. There a young archivist discovered documents attached to the old man's turn-of-the-century homestead application that proved he had been naturalized for more than sixty years. His Social Security check now arrives regularly.

In California a twenty-nine-year-old Japanese-American wanted to go to college, but could not produce a high school diploma. During World War II he had been interned in a West Coast relocation center, and had completed his secondary education in a school that no longer existed. The National Archives searched the files of the now defunct War Relocation Authority and mailed him a transcript of his high school record.

A San Diego sea captain proved to a court's satisfaction that he was not guilty of navigating from outdated charts the day his ship rammed an offshore freighter. He was able to return to his command, thanks to Herman R. Friis, chief archivist in charge of cartographic records, who supplies information from almost a million marine, aeronautical, and land maps.

But it was not always so easy for a troubled government or a distressed American to find federal documents that suddenly become vital. When the National Archives was established in 1934 the United States had accumulated 7,000,000 cubic feet of records, enough to fill more than seven National Archives buildings. For more than a century and a half, Federal bureaus had preserved the useless along with the valuable, and stored precious documents in musty, damp cellars, or dusty garrets. The greater part of the government's non-current records were scattered helter-skelter, inaccessible to federal officials as well as to scholars or the general public.

A SUCCESSION of Presidents had warned about the slovenly care of the nation's records, but documents still were kept wherever it was convenient. Thieves mutilated valuable papers to get at rare stamps or the autographs of the nation's heroes. One government official blithely sold 400 tons of Federal records to a junk dealer because he needed office space.

Finally, when the nation had grown from 4,000,000 to 125,500,000 persons, President Hoover laid the cornerstone for the $9,000,000 National Archives building.

Even before the building was completed, records by the ton began arriving from the War Department, the General Land Office, the Census Bureau, the Veterans Administration—from hundreds of almost forgotten dead-storage rooms. And the archi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vists faced up to the prodigious task of sorting, discarding, saving, fumigating, preserving and cataloguing the nation's history—a process that still goes on.

The winnowing of the valuable wheat from the chaff of bureaucracy is done by Archives specialists who are experts in the inner workings of specific government agencies. They quickly discard routine housekeeping records; then cull out papers duplicated elsewhere. They place some documents on "disposal schedules"—to be destroyed after time has made them of no further interest.

Some records are worked over by archivists in coöperation with the originating agency and related agencies. Always the goal is to preserve papers that show how Federal policy was formed, and to save material of value to the scholar and historian.

The United States accumulates about 4,000,000 cubic feet of Federal records each year; of this only twenty per cent is of any permanent value. The rest eventually is destroyed.

But even with such severe culling there is always the problem of space. Although shrinking by microfilm could be an answer, the Archives has only 75,000 rolls of such film, less than one per cent of the building's volume, simply because storage space is less expensive than microfilming. The result is that only selected documents are placed on film—fragile papers that would crumble with handling, documents in frequent demand by libraries and universities, and records such as the original census schedules that are in constant use and which take up immense space.

Microfilm of some of the nation's most valuable records has been shipped to secret storage areas where it is preserved as insurance against a disaster that might destroy the originals in Washington.

Most of the half million Americans who visit the Archives building each year are sightseers, who come to view the great charters of U. S. freedom in the domed Exhibition Hall, and to wander through the sweeping corridor gallery lined with parchment and paper treasures.

But while they look, other Americans are hunched over in search rooms and stack areas above and below them in the huge building, seeking the answers to questions that often cannot be answered any other place in the world. Some are scholars working on college theses; some are amateur genealogists reconstructing their family trees; some are Federal attorneys checking obscure points in land law.

Daily the Archives supplies bulk records—passenger lists, census takers' information sheets, masses of correspondence—to at least 100 individuals who just walk in seeking information. Hundreds of thousands of older Americans have no birth records and need proof of age or citizenship to apply for social security, for a passport, or for a defense job. Frequently their only recourse is the National Archives. In a single year the Archives may receive as many as 10,000 requests for such evidence, and supplies it from military service records, census sheets, and passenger lists.

Among the most frequent users of the Archives are professional searchers hired by industry, and individuals on personal quests. Federal and state agencies and industry often send their own employees. Petroleum companies are constantly validating land titles before they lease and drill. A Wisconsin construction company studied regional snowfall depths for the last fifty years so it would know just how strong to construct house roofs. And at least one American called before a loyalty board was cleared when he proved through World War I government employment records that the board had him confused with another man of the same name.

A FEW years ago the state of Ohio bogged down on plans for the now completed Ohio Turnpike. Highway engineers knew that the proposed route cut straight across a region pocked with abandoned mine shafts, but no one knew exactly where they were, for they had been sealed. If the shafts could not be pinpointed, the area would have to be detoured; there could be no risk of collapse. The National Archives produced microfilmed records of the WPA mine-sealing project, locating the shafts.

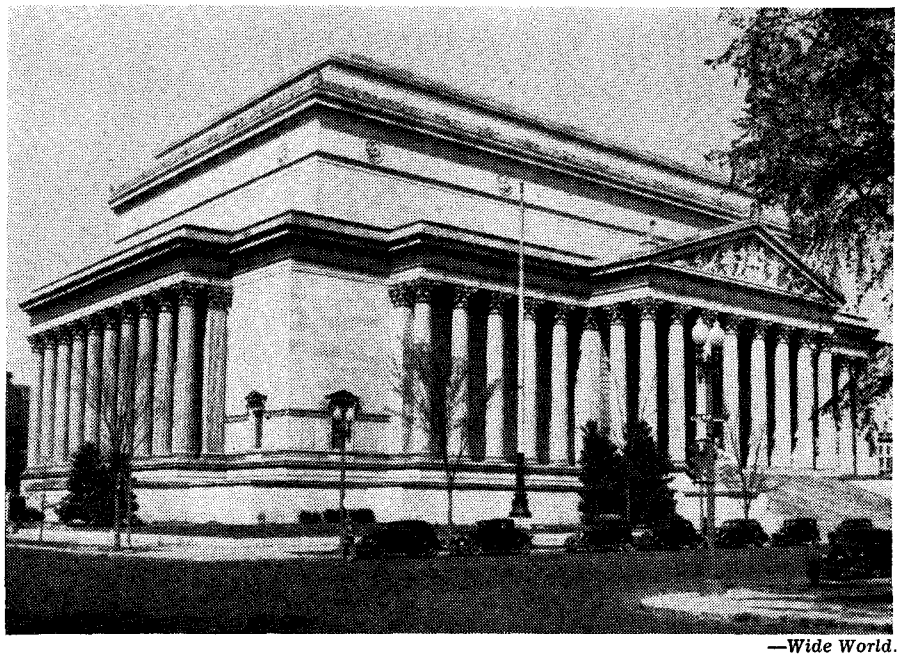
Scholars and authors flock to the Archives to authenticate historical settings, or to refresh memories. Carl Sandburg probed through Civil War photographs in the famous Mathew Brady collection for his volume, "Storm Over the Land." Margaret Landon spent more than a month in the Archives, reading 1862-67 Siamese consular records to get background for "Anna and the King of Siam."

ONE writer wanted to pinpoint the 1849 burial date of Edgar Allan Poe. Literary historians agreed that the day had been gloomy, but split on whether it was October 8 or 9. The National Archives reported Baltimore weather as sunny on October 9, but overcast the previous day, thus settling the controversy.

Many movie producers guarantee the historical accuracy in their films by checking into the Archives. In the vaults are miles of film ranging from World War II movies captured from Germany and Japan to shots of Orville Wright flying army trials at Fort Myer in 1908, and the San Francisco fire of 1906. In 1956 alone, TV and movie producers consulted 121,000 feet of National Archives film.

About 70 per cent of the material in the Archives is freely open to anyone with a legitimate purpose. And most of the restricted material eventually will be opened to the public.

Dr. Grover and his assistants operate their trust as the memory of a nation, a library for scholars, and an inspiration for intelligent citizenship to Americans. Their methods give meaning to the inscription at the building's Pennsylvania Avenue entrance: "What Is Past Is Prologue."



—Wide World.

The Archives Building in Washington—"the record of a nation's beginnings . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Search for Salvation

By Granville Hicks

SAUL BELLOW's **"Henderson the Rain King"** (Viking, $4.50) is an adventure story with large and important implications. Like almost everything else Bellow has written, it is an account of a man's struggles to find and to transcend himself, but Henderson's quest takes him into strange and romantic places. It is as if Bellow were inventing for his hero physical perils commensurate with the inner hazards of his search. However one reads it, this is as exciting a novel as has appeared in a long time.

Bellow has created many bizarre characters, but Henderson is the most extravagant figure of them all. Fifty-five years old when he introduces himself to us, he is a giant of a man, six feet four inches tall and correspondingly heavy and strong. Rich and of good family, he has by his own account wasted his life. When he thinks of that life, he says, " a disorderly rush begins—my parents, my wives, my girls, my children, my farm, my animals, my habits, my money, my music lessons, my drunkenness, my prejudices, my brutality, my teeth, my face, my soul!" He is a man who is driven, but by what and towards what he does not know.

Henderson at this moment of his life has to go somewhere, and by chance he goes to Africa. Leaving his companions and striking off on his own with a faithful guide, he comes upon an isolated tribe, the Arnewi, gentle people, whom he likes. Eager to do them a great service, he brings disaster upon them, and, as so often before, is crushed with remorse.

He proceeds, this modern Gulliver, to visit the Wariri, a sterner tribe. But though his welcome is not cordial, he eventually finds himself on intimate terms with the king, Dahfu, who has studied medicine in missionary schools and who speaks English. This time Henderson's impulses lead him to expend his great strength in carrying a huge statue, and his success gives him an important role in rain-making ceremonies. And since rain does fall, he becomes the Sungo, the Rain King.

All this is strange enough, but the strangest is yet to come. Dahfu has a kind of private lion cult into which he tries to initiate the reluctant Henderson, the two meanwhile engaging in intense discussions of the nature and destiny of man. Then comes the climax—a hair-raising lion hunt conducted according to the risky precepts of Wariri ritual. Dahfu is killed, probably as the result of a plot against him, and Henderson has to flee to avoid becoming Dahfu's successor. He returns to America with a lion cub and the conviction that he has found what he was looking for.

No one has ever conveyed so well as Saul Bellow the anguish of a man who is capable of honestly contemplating his nature but incapable of changing it. This agony is to be found in his first book, "Dangling Man," and in his recent novelette, "Seize the Day." The hero of the latter, Tommy Wilhelm, might in some ways be regarded as a preliminary study for Henderson, but there are great differences between them. Tommy is a slob, and the best one can say for him is that he knows he is and wishes he weren't, and this makes him pitiful. Henderson has acted like a slob again and again, as he insists on reminding himself and us, but one never doubts that he has good and even great qualities. Often enough, as with the Arnewi, it is his good intentions that lead him into disaster, and he is so genuine a seeker for salvation that his predicament seems tragic rather than merely sad.

BECAUSE he has qualities of greatness, Henderson can have heroic adventures as well as comic misadventures, and Bellow's uninhibited inventiveness has given his virtues and vices full scope. I suspect that resemblances between the Arnewi and the Wariri and existing African tribes are purely coincidental, but whether this is true or not makes little difference, for the main thing is that Henderson has a world in which he can find himself. Bellow has also given him a style of his own. Augie March expressed himself in colloquial language with rich literary overtones. Henderson's style is more purely colloquial, and what gives it its special quality is its headlong energy. The style is the man, and Henderson is revealed to us not only by what he says but also by the way in which he says it.

There was, I recall, a reviewer of "The Adventures of Augie March" who spent much space in expounding the symbolism of that novel, making everything stand for something else. (He then turned around and scolded Bellow for the symbolism that he, the reviewer, had dreamt up.) "Henderson" is likely to be misinterpreted in the same way, although Bellow has been quite specific. The lions are lions, the pigs are pigs, the bear is a bear. That the lions have a special significance for Dahfu, and that he hopes they can have a similar significance for Henderson, he says flatly enough. In the same way Henderson knows there was a reason why he raised pigs. But whatever meanings the animals have, they have as animals, and they have these meanings to particular individuals. Lion does not equal this; pig does not equal that.

ALTHOUGH Bellow is dealing with deep mysteries, he does not indulge in mystification of any sort, but brings to his difficult theme as much clarity as possible. "Don't you believe in regeneration?" Henderson asks. He does, and so, with greater reason, does Dahfu. "Well, Henderson," Dahfu challenges, "what are the generations for, please explain to me? Only to repeat fear and desire without a change? This cannot be what the thing is for, over and over and over. Any good man will try to break the cycle." Earlier Dahfu has explained how the cycle can be broken: "Imagination is a force of nature. Is this not enough to make a person full of ecstasy? Imagination, imagination, imagination! It converts to actual, it sustains, it alters, it redeems!"

"Henderson" differs from "Augie March" in many interesting ways. In the earlier novel Bellow uses a loose structure to illustrate, through a long series of essentially realistic episodes, the vast possibilities of contemporary life. Beginning in poverty and illegitimacy, Augie ranges far, horizontally and vertically, to end in uncertainty. Henderson, on the other hand, born to every advantage, has lived fifty-five years of unquiet desperation. Of Augie's kind of patient pilgrimage he has never been capable. He is driven by the voice that cries, "I want, I want," and the story of his search is both romantic and dramatic. I cannot say that "Henderson the Rain King" is a better book than "Augie March": the denseness of experience in the earlier novel is something almost unparalleled in contemporary literature. But it is a wonderful book for Bellow to have written after writing "Augie March." It is a book that should be read again and again, and each reading, I believe, will yield further evidence of Bellow's wisdom and power.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vivid Canvas of Yankee Originals

***"Mount Hope: A New England Chronicle," by George Howe** (Viking. 312 pp. $5), is the spirited story of the famous Rhode Island seaport, with its central theme the town's family of "Great Folks," the deWolfs. Cleveland Amory, contributing editor of* SR, *is the author of "The Proper Bostonians" and "The Last Resorts."*

By Cleveland Amory

THIS is the story, or chronicle, of just one small town—and at that a town which is not only in the smallest state in the Union but also in the smallest county in that state. Nonetheless, it is both a big book and, what is a good deal rarer, a good book too.

The author, it almost goes without saying, is a Bristol man—architect, archeologist, and, like all Bristol Howes, at least those related to the deWolf clan, also a writing man. Although he now lives in Washington and sits at a drawing board, he still belongs, heart and typewriter, to the little seaport which has now, in its old age, turned its back on the sea, but which, in its great days, faced it front and center—in the days when, as the author tells us, you didn't go through Bristol, you went *to* it, when "pretty as a Bristol girl" was a common phrase, and when "shipshape" and "Bristol fashion" were not only bywords but also compliments anywhere on the seven seas.

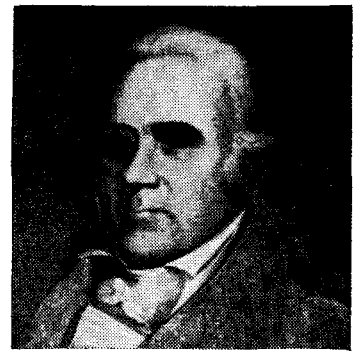
Two trades built Bristol—slave-smuggling and privateering—and the author makes no bones about either of them. In fact, to continue the metaphor, he rattles the skeletons in his own family's closet as determinedly, and indeed as objectively, as he does other people's. And if, in the end, the town had to pay for the wages of its sins, the author is equally objective about this and seems to feel that this was as it should be. "The Yankee character," he writes, "is a perpetual battle between conscience and cupidity. The old-timers were generous and skinflint, irreverent, pious, and scandalous, antlike for work and catlike for fighting."

Also, if the whole chronicle reads more like the story of one family than that of a town, this too is as it should be. With all its early isolation, the town has always been, the author tells us, "more like a clan than a municipality," and if we feel he may be stretching his point in declaring that "there was not one who did not have the feeling of belonging to a club," he promptly offers in evidence a bishop, a banker, a ballplayer, a junk dealer born in Poland, and a philosopher "who lives alone in a henhouse."

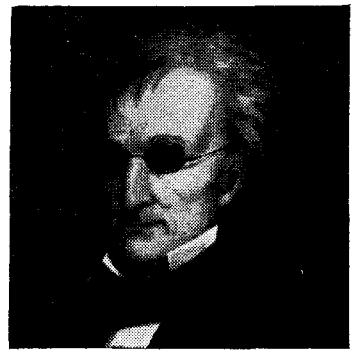
It was not, however, like so many clubs, a club of the same people; it was rather a club of eccentrics. "All were queer," we are told, "but some were queerer." Even Bristol's famed Civil War general, Ambrose E. Burnside, who was on a forced leave of absence when the war, albeit with small credit to him, was finally won, was an "original." So too were the collateral deWolfs—the Colts, the Barrymores, the Hoppers—as well as the deWolf cousins—the Bourns, the Perrys, and the great Herreshoffs sailormen. But at the head of them all stood the deWolf deWolfs—Mark Antony (the clerk who never made a fortune himself but sired a generation who did), Captain "Jim" (who on his death in 1837 was reckoned the second richest man in America), "Norwest" John (who was the first Westerner to cross Siberia to Russia), "Fessor" John (who in later years liked to pretend he was a teapot), General George (whose own uncle wrote of him that he "left a trail of execration behind him"), and finally DeWolf Hopper (who married, among others, Hollywood's Hedda and of whom it was said, "To know him is to marry him").

Mr. Howe's writing fits his subjects to a "T," or perhaps, in deference to his uncle, we should say, a teapot. "Peculiar, I should say so!" he will start one paragraph. "How they fought!" he will start another, and, right after, still another, "How they work!" Then from this, he will jump not only into fascinating stories and anecdotes about King Phillip's wars and the slave trade but also, when he feels someone else has told it better, into long quotations (as, for example, one about the incredible fight between the great privateer *Yankee* and the brave British ship *HMS Tigress*). In between are not only wonderful descriptions ("Norwest" John, for example—"a fun-

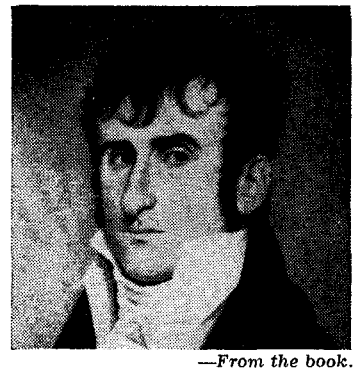
Mark Antony deWolf . . . the fortune-siring clerk.



James ("Captain Jim") deWolf . . . second richest



John ("'Fessor John") deWolf . . . "The Teapot."



—*From the book.*

General George deWolf . . . Bristol's bad-guy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loving, loose-jointed boy with the family periwinkle-blue eyes, a bevel-end nose, a peak of unruly black hair, and creases of mirth down his slab cheeks") but also revealing bits and pieces of history, both large and small. Among the latter we learn that Rhode Islanders were perhaps the first people on earth to learn the art of enriching themselves by running into debt. Among the former, we learn something that few history books have told us—about why, in the War of 1812, Britain sued for peace. On land, she had won everything in sight and many things that weren't. On the sea, however, she was roundly and soundly defeated—"Bristol fashion."

Old Captain Jim probably put the feeling of Bristol pride best. Appointed Senator, and on his way to Washington, he was asked what he thought of New York. "I'd rather," he said, "hear the cackle of one Bristol goose than all the bands in New York." This same spirit continued when a Bristol lady in her eighties won $32,000 for her knowledge of finance on a TV show but refused to give her questioner a tip on the market. "In Bristol," she said, "we don't fry our eggs till they are laid."

Even today, with Bristol having fallen on evil days (at least as compared to former times), it would be a bold prognosticator, or even coroner, who would pronounce her dead. For in the last century there was a Bristol woman named Sally Mutton who was pronounced dead, but whose husband, holding off the undertaker with a shotgun, forced hot milk between her lips and not only brought her to, but also in such shape that she survived him forty years.

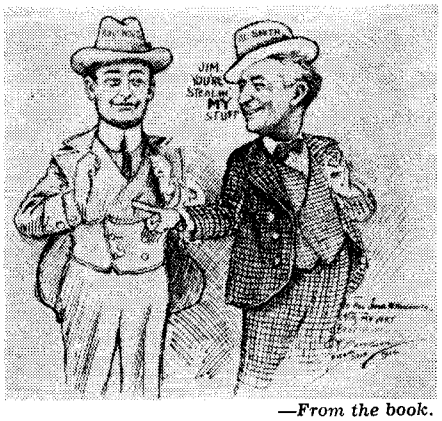
Legend of the Landed Gentry

"The Wadsworths of the Genesee," by Alden Hatch *(Coward-McCann. 315 pp. $5), is a popular chronicle of the historic Wadsworth family of western New York. Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer Margaret L. Coit received the annual award of the National Council of Women of the United States for her latest book, "Mr. Baruch."*

By Margaret L. Coit

ALTHOUGH the late Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York died in 1952, he was as much a part of America's vanished Golden Age as the vast estate of 25,000 lush acres, where Wadsworths have lived in baronial splendor since Colonial days. A living relic of a time when the highest accolade was the word *gentleman*, and when public service for "a man from Genesco" was an inherited right as well as a duty, James W. Wadsworth set his patrician features unyieldingly against the popular currents of his day. He was opposed by labor, veterans, and suffragettes—and still won elections. As author Alden Hatch writes, Wadsworth was a landmark in the "great shallow bowl of green and gold" that was his valley, "unchanged by changing fashions, morals, and economic tides."

Nationally, his greatest public service was in the cause of defense. A Revolutionary ancestor plugged for universal military training; the modern Congressman went all-out for the



—*From the book.*

Senator Wadsworth cartooned with Al Smith—"the conscience of the House."

Army unification bill and a single Chief of Staff. His eloquent plea for renewal of the Selective Service Act —as France reeled in defeat—has been conceded to be one of the few Congressional speeches that ever changed votes; and Selective Service survived —by virtue of a single vote.

Yet Mr. Hatch was undoubtedly right in his feeling that this ultra-conservative figure, known quite justifiably as "the conscience of the House" was not, in himself, of sufficient caliber to sustain a full-length biography. In "The Wadsworths of the Genesee" we have a saga of one of the great American county families, in the tradition of the Roosevelts, the Morgenthaus, the Tafts, and the Cabot Lodges. In every generation the Wadsworths of western New York gave at least one great soldier or statesman to the service of his country.

In only 315 pages Mr. Hatch paints a panoramic sweep of American history and a galaxy of picturesque characters: the original ancestor, a selectman in both Cambridge and Hartford, fighting "Captain Joe," who hid Connecticut's charter in the oak and became perhaps the first American colonist to commit an act of rebellion against the Crown; Washington's Commissary General James Wadsworth, who drank rum flip at Crown Point and first sniffed the "meadow-sweet air" of the "radiant valley"; "General Bill," who harangued his troops in the War of 1812 in the "worst language in the whole American Army"; the "wild young eagle," James Samuel, who read law in Webster's office and helped nominate Lincoln and died, a general, among "the broken bundles of blue and grey" in the Wilderness. His place was filled by his seventeen-year-old son, James Wolcott, brevetted a major at Five Oaks, and, like his own son, a Congressman and incurable conservative. The story comes up to the present generation—the son, Jerry, "the Ambassador," and a son-in-law who has carried on family traditions of public service, Stuart Symington of Missouri.

This is a good book. It is perhaps unreasonable to carp that it could have been better. Mr. Hatch has come far from the slick-magazine style of his "Red Carpet for Mamie." He tells the old story of Gettysburg painfully and vividly. His pastoral descriptions are lyric, although one may doubt his conclusion that only "the pull of the earth" can keep a family virile. In the Wadsworths' case, it seems to have kept them as conservative as they were fertile. There are penetrating insights, as where Mr. Hatch describes the tricky techniques by which Franklin Roosevelt proposed "to lead the American people into war without letting them know where they were going"; or his vignette of the Senator, after the signing of FDR's Selective Service bill, "handling the pen as though it were poisoned," and then dropping it "quietly into the scrapbasket."

Obviously, Mr. Hatch fell in love with his subject, and the writing conveys his feeling. But the very cooperation that he gratefully acknowledges from the Wadsworth family, of course, limits the objectivity and depth of his book. He has done a Herculean task of firsthand research, concealing his labors from the public in prose that reads like fiction, but, unfortunately, concealing it from the scholar, too. A minimum bibliography and a few footnote references might have given this book the length of life it deserves.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IDEAS

Light on the Human Predicament

The threat to the humanities—"those branches of human knowledge (and activity) that have a special capacity . . . to mature the intellectual and moral powers and to quicken the sensibilities of the individual"—troubles Howard Mumford Jones in ***"One Great Society"*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 241 pp. $4.50) and* ***"Reflections on Learning"*** *(Rutgers University Press. 97 pp. $2.75). Though serious, the situation is perhaps not quite so desperate as the Harvard professor thinks, in the opinion of Paul Woodring, who is the author of "A Fourth of a Nation" and educational advisor to the Ford Foundation.*

By PAUL WOODRING

THESE are evil days for the humanities. Ours is the age of the satellites and the intercontinental ballistic missiles; in education the emphasis is on science and mathematics, technology and engineering. Even when foreign languages are stressed in the schools the emphasis is on the need for political and scientific communication rather than on the humane letters of other tongues.

This is the year when man's dream of reaching the moon approaches reality. Whether when he gets there he will know how to make the most of himself as a human being is a question not answered because it has not been asked. Technologists, space enthusiasts, and military men probably would consider the question rather silly.

It would not seem foolish to Howard Mumford Jones. To the humanist this is the eternal question that must underlie life and the education for it.

> Humane learning [as Mr. Jones sees it] has as its principal aim the elucidation of what we quaintly call the human predicament, that is, the eternal conflict between the aspirations and the frustrations of man . . . The object of learning is coterminous with the object of philosophy, and the object of art is to seek that stay against confusion, which is joy.

"One Great Society" is the outgrowth of one of the most important inquiries of recent years into the place of humane learning in the United States. It was prepared for the Commission on the Humanities of the American Council of Learned Societies and, although the book reflects the thinking of a distinguished group of scholars, Professor Jones, as chairman, accepts responsibility for the style, form, and substance of the report.

The present and the potential roles of the humanities are discussed in their relation to the individual and the national culture. The nature of learning, scholarship, art, and criticism are examined. Terms often confused or used vaguely are carefully distinguished: humanism, humane learning, humane scholarship, and the humanities.

The definitions are vivid. *Humanistic scholarship* "produces information," *humane learning* "fuses this new material with established knowledge and interprets the humanities thus enriched." "*The humanities* are those branches of human knowledge (and activity) that have a special capacity . . . to mature the intellectual and moral powers and to quicken the sensibilities of the individual." They are "a group of subjects devoted to the study of man as a being *other* than a biological product and different from a social or sociological entity." These subjects are broadly defined to include philosophy, languages and literatures, music, the fine arts, the decorative arts, the arts of the theatre, certain aspects of anthropology, and most of history.

> The humanities profess to deal directly with human nature, not as the psychologist or the physiologist does, but plainly, and generally. Their basic assumption is that across the ages and in all lands there appears the common denominator, Man.

In a final section of "One Great Society," seemingly addressed to businessmen and foundations, Mr. Jones tells us what to expect from the humanities and what is needed to bring them to their rightful place. The greatest need, it seems, is for money. This would be used for fellowships, publication, conferences, and the establishment of a permanent institute that would do for the humanities what the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study does for science and the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences does for the social studies.

Professor Jones's second book consists of three essays delivered as the 1958 Brown and Haley Lectures at the College of Puget Sound. In these reflections on the state of learning in our culture the author sees a steady decline of the humanistic studies since that day in the seventeenth century when the sciences began to break away from the humanities. The break came slowly, for natural philosophy was not replaced by science in the universities until well into the nineteenth century, but the years between the Civil War and World War I saw the development of the notion that knowledge could be divided into three equal divisions, the humanities, the sciences, and the socal sciences.

The rise of science in recent years has threatened this doctrine of equality. Events of the past year have further weakened the place of the humanities in the schools, and Mr. Jones sees the National Defense Education Act of 1958 as a grave danger to the humanistic studies because it offers enormous financial advantages to those schools willing to expand scientific and technological training at the expense of the humane studies.

The threat is real enough but perhaps the situation is not quite so desperate as Mr. Jones thinks. Other observers have seen a revival of the arts in our culture and a new emphasis on the humanities in our colleges. Engineers, scientists, and physicians get a better introduction to the humanities today than did those of past generations when students went directly from high school into the technical schools. Business executives are going back to the campus for periods of study in the liberal arts.

In the high schools, in spite of a vast proliferation of trivial electives, each vigorously defended by some special-interest group, the typical student still studies English for three or four years, history for one or two, and is introduced to art and music. If he adds a foreign language, the humanities make up more than half his curriculum. The teaching is sometimes inept, as it often

"This is the year when man's dream of reaching the moon approaches reality. Whether when he gets there he will know how to make the most of himself as a human being is [the] question . . ."—PAUL WOODRING.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is in colleges and universities, and there is little doubt that poor and unimaginative teaching has contributed greatly to the decline of student interest in the humanities.

But the current emphasis in new programs for teacher education (particularly those leading to the Master of Arts in Teaching) is on a more scholarly preparation for teachers, and if university professors will teach the humanities well the next generation of high school teachers will be far better than the old. Mr. Jones concedes that humanists often speak "as if the fault of achieving a just recognition of the importance of the arts in our culture were always the fault of somebody else," and he explores the possibility that humane scholarship itself is at fault. This may be the key to the whole problem.

There is no doubt, however, that, in a technological age the threat to the humanities will continue to be grave. For a culture facing this threat these are important books. If widely read, as they deserve to be, they can help stay the drift from the important to the merely practical. If this is successfully resisted, the voice of Howard Mumford Jones will have played an important part. His style, always a delight, evinces the virtues of humane scholarship even as he discusses its decline.

Seminar on the Supreme Virtues

There is no dispute among the fifteen contributors to ***"New Knowledge in Human Values," edited by Abraham H. Maslow*** *(Harper. 268 pp. $4.50), in defining the golden virtues, but when it comes to what makes them right these spokesmen for philosophy, art, theology, medicine, and the various sciences tend to quarrel. Huston Smith, who considers their views, is professor of philosophy at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

By Huston Smith

FOR a hundred years now the condition of Western man has worried most of its perceptive observers: Hegel, Marx, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Matthew Arnold, Spengler, Eliot, Marcel, and Jaspers, to mention only a few. Diagnoses and prognoses differ widely in details, but on two points there is agreement: the sickness is acute and its locus is in the realm of values.

Add to this the fact that the faith of our scientific age is in knowledge, and what could awaken higher hopes in the serious reader than a book which proposes to gather between a single pair of covers the new knowledge that has been uncovered about human values. The names of the contributors, too, inspire confidence. I don't see how fifteen other participants could have been assembled who, across the board, would be better equipped to speak for the value implications of sociology, philosophy, physics, biology, art, oriental wisdom, existentialism, psychology, psychiatry, anthropology, theology, and medicine. Sorokin, Margenau, Suzuki, Allport, Fromm, Tillich, to list only the most generally known—from start to finish it is an impressive crew.

The reader picks up this book, then, excited. How will he lay it down? Probably discouraged.

This is not to say it is a bad book or one not worth assembling. On the contrary, I know of no other item that gives a clearer yet undiluted purview of the range of contemporary thinking about values. The occasion for disappointment lies not with the book but with the condition of contemporary value thinking itself.

This condition is not entirely discouraging. The crescendo of concern about values in every field and the many angles from which the problem is being attacked, some of these as ingenious as they are novel, are hopeful signs. The discouraging thing is that as yet they add up to so little that the ordinary reader can see.

This means that any sense of values as a whole that the reader derives from this book he will have to distill himself. The book will give him none for the double reason that its contributors (a) attack the problem from diverse and scattered angles and (b) at important points cancel each other's claims. Professor Weisskopf of Roosevelt College makes an heroic attempt to pull things together at the end. He does so well that I almost thought he had succeeded. But then the participants came filing back to say he had missed their points, leaving the reader again on his own to make what over-all sense he can of these individually competent, at times even brilliant, essays.

For me the view of human values that emerges from these pages is:

What the highest human values are is clear. They are love, truth, beauty, and self-realization; for short, let us refer to them simply as the golden virtues. Even the most tough-minded contributor to this symposium, Jacob Bronowski, concedes that to say they are supreme is a truism. There is no problem as to which of the four takes precedence, for as we move progressively toward them "their separateness and contradiction tend to decrease [until] they merge into one supreme, integral reality" (Sorokin).

Recognition of these virtues as golden is by no means new. "All the values in the broad field of human activity may be stamped as old and dilapidated and even worn out in the sense that ever since the dawn of civilization we have been talking about them constantly" (Suzuki). But their worth is receiving more *objective* confirmation than hitherto.

This is where the new knowledge comes in, most of the rest of the book being concerned instead with theory. Whereas anthropologists were first struck by value differences between cultures, more careful scrutiny seems to be uncovering a small but significant core of universals. Dorothy Lee tells us "the good is held to be social in all or nearly all societies" and quotes Kluckhohn to the effect that "there is in all societies an interdiction against 'killing, indiscriminate lying and stealing within the in-group,' and, in fact, against whatever might bring about dissension, disruption, destruction within the recognized social unit, thus insuring the persistence of good relations."

WHILE anthropology documents the cross-cultural extent of the golden virtues in rudiment, suggesting thereby that they are not arbitrary but required for the well-being of man, the psychological sciences are finding them indispensable to the mental health of individuals. A. H. Maslow, Eric Fromm, and Pitirim Sorokin especially stress this point. Sorokin even thinks altruism adds years to life. Though 98 per cent of the 4,500 saints he studied lived before the twentieth century and 37 per cent died prematurely as martyrs, their average life span was about that of contemporary Americans.

To repeat, then: what the supreme human values are seems to emerge from this book clearly enough. But if we go on to ask *why* they are good we find the participants hopelessly divided. In the main their answers fall into three groups:

Those whose work is closest to the physical sciences (Henry Margenau and Jacob Bronowski) seem to say that values have no rational justifi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cation. In the end they are arbitrary postulates like the axioms of geometry. Why, if this is so, all cultures seem to agree on certain values and some seem prerequisite to mental health is not explained.

A second group comprised of the participants working most closely with people (Maslow, Fromm, Allport, Sorokin) think human nature itself contains norms for determining which values are best. For all practical purposes we know what psychological health is and that it is better than illness. The golden virtues conduce to psychological health. Therefore the golden virtues are good, their goodness being indicated by our knowledge of man alone. The problem for this position is why, if all this is so, man so often behaves contrary to his best interests. If Maslow is right in saying that "our deepest needs are *not* . . . dangerous or evil or bad," why are our surface appetites often so?

The third group, represented preeminently by Tillich and Weisskopf, is metaphysically inclined. According to it, the golden virtues are rooted in the character of being itself. That man tries to find fulfillment in antithetical directions is evidence that his life has lost its transparent grounding in reality. But as reality cannot be escaped, the fact remains that only through love and its attendant values can fulfillment be achieved. The question that faces this hypothesis is how its metaphysical claims might be verified.

Most of the book deals with this question, not of what the right values are, but of what makes them right. And its chapters give proof that this question is not going to be settled for a long time.

Fortunately, investigations into other aspects of value need not wait until this philosophical question is resolved. Philosophers still differ over how truth should be defined and ultimately validated—through correspondence, coherence, or operations—but the advance of science has not had to await their decision.

Similarly we may hope that while the philosophical questions that dominate this book will remain alive, two others of a more immediate nature will not be neglected. One is: What do the abstract values of love and self-realization counsel in specific situations? The other: How are these qualities increased? Until we have more light on these two practical questions, one wonders if added documentation of the worth of the golden virtues will go much beyond Mammie Yokum's framed motto which announces that "Good is better than evil because it is nicer."

Putting Logical Know-How to Work

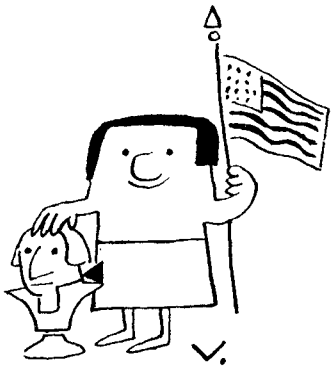
***"Religion, Politics and the Higher Learning," by Morton White** (Harvard University Press. 140 pp. $3.50), among other topics, questions the social implications of analytic philosophy. The book's contents are summarized by Dr. Maxine Greene, who teaches English and philosophy of education at New York University.*

By Maxine Greene

MODERN philosophy, to the public mind, stands with one foot in the English lecture room and one in the cellar café. We have rendered unto the analytic philosophers the things which are theirs: language, meaning, logic itself; unto the existentialists and their kin, we have rendered the studies in morals, values, and commitment which relate to the life of mankind.

Morton White, professor of philosophy at Harvard, arbitrarily restricts the term "professional philosophy" to analytic inquiry, positivist and non-positivist. He disposes of all other movements as "undisciplined," "obscurantist," and describes their pronouncements as "Sunday supplement scholarship." Then, making camp in the lecture room, his book, "Religion Politics and the Higher Learning," charges his analytic brothers with their failure to play a social and cultural role when "the American intellectual and the American college and university are more than ever searching for some kind of philosophical credo."

In a series of rather random essays, he stresses the importance of analytic philosophy's warnings against pretentiousness and "scholastic verbiage masquerading as science and philosophy"; and he proposes that the technicians now put their linguistic and critical tools to work in the clarification of social and political problems. They are ready, he writes in a piece on contemporary English philosophers, to emerge from the "misty period" of preoccupation with aims and methods; and he proceeds to show how by wielding the analytic instruments in discussions of "meta-meta-metaphysics" and positivism.



Most suggestive are Professor White's discussion of "Harvard's Philosophical Heritage" and his several essays on philosophy of history. In the first he underlines the shift to "a tighter, more scientifically oriented concept of philosophy" in America. In describing the transition from philosophic tome to precise, critical monograph, he asserts that the great philosophers like James, Royce, and Santayana, although known for their massive volumes on various humane discoveries, actually made their most significant contributions as technical thinkers who clarified "fundamental concepts of mathematics, science, and everyday life" and, thereby, hastened the "de-pontification" of philosophy.

Dealing with the philosophy of history, he singles out the methodological problem as the most important and demonstrates its complexity with reference to concepts used by Beard and by the Adams brothers, Brooks and Henry. What is needed, he thinks, is a logic of narrative to settle such questions as that of historical truth. The linguistic scientists, long skilled in the logic of single statements, can inaugurate a new era in philosophy of history by applying their tools to the "special kind of discourse" typical of historical activity.

The implication is that historians, who are "hedgehogs" in their concern for large, unifying concepts and visions, should endeavor to be "foxes" as well, analysts of their own epistemology. Isaiah Berlin, the creator of the hedge-hog metaphor, is the hero of the essay on "Historical Inevitability." In a sense he is the hero of the book, for, despite his criticism of Berlin's conception of the inconsistency between determinism and moral judgments, Professor White regards him as one of the few professionals putting logical know-how to work for humane ends.

The handling of historical analysis in this chapter and in the final essay,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which contrasts Dewey's and Holmes's empirical criticism with Lippmann's and Niebuhr's belief in self-evident natural law and original sin, has wider relevance than the title essay. The latter is simply a proposal for analytic teaching *about* religion in secular colleges as contrasted to teaching *in* religion as a way of life, which ought to be confined to divinity schools.

The crucial query raised by the book is not the question of religion but the social implications of analytic philosophy. The promise of the book and its importance for education lie in that question. The fact that the promise is not completely fulfilled may be due to the rather arbitrary grouping of essays written at different times for various other purposes. Nonetheless (and for all its bias against nonanalytic philosophies) it arouses hope. One "professional," at any rate, is venturing into the social world and blazing a trail.

Map for the Civilized Man

***"Some Things Worth Knowing," by Stuart Chase** (Harper. 278 pp. $3.95), disdaining the ubiquitous specialist, tells how to be a generalist. Thomas S. Hall, both scientist and educator, screens the book for us.*

By Thomas S. Hall

STUART CHASE'S latest book is, by his own admission, a rash intellectual venture. As such it comes off rather better than might have been expected. For its province it takes, with what the author acknowledges to be a certain foolhardiness, all modern knowledge or, more accurately, that knowledge which the literate layman "should have ready to mind in the age of the atom."

But why and for whom would one write such a book, and is it even possible to write it?

"Some Things Worth Knowing" is, in essence, a lively plea for liberal education—not as something with which one emerges from college but as something a literate layman can acquire by using this book as a guide, a sort of intellectual map.

Stuart Chase is convinced that the world needs people, as many as possible, who have enough useful knowledge about astrophysics, anthropology, biology, economics, politics, history, religion, literature, and the arts to be able to fit conspicuous features of any of these fields into a general view of them all. Such people he calls "generalists."

He is not interested in, is in fact repelled by, such trivial data as enable one to answer the typical TV quiz question. ("Did you ever hear one that began with the word *why*?") Rather he is disturbed at the prospect of a civilization increasingly the product of a chance interplay among separate specialties. For such a civilization he sees serious dangers.

His book is in effect, then, a how-to book. It tells how to be a generalist. And this objective posed for the author the problem: how to write a book about how to be a generalist.

To do this required an ability, possessed by Stuart Chase to a considerable degree, to discuss informedly such varied matters as Stevenson (Adlai), Stonehenge, Stalin, turkeys (the domestication of), Tugwell (Rex), two-party politics, world government, Wren (Christopher), the Wind River Indians—everything, in short, from the prophet Abraham to zero (an invention of the Mayans).

Where would one find out enough to write about so many subjects? From two sources: from one's expert knowledge of one's own special field and from summaries by other such reliable experts as a Margaret Mead, a Ruth Benedict, a Lancelot Hogben, a Selig Hecht, an Edward Sapir.

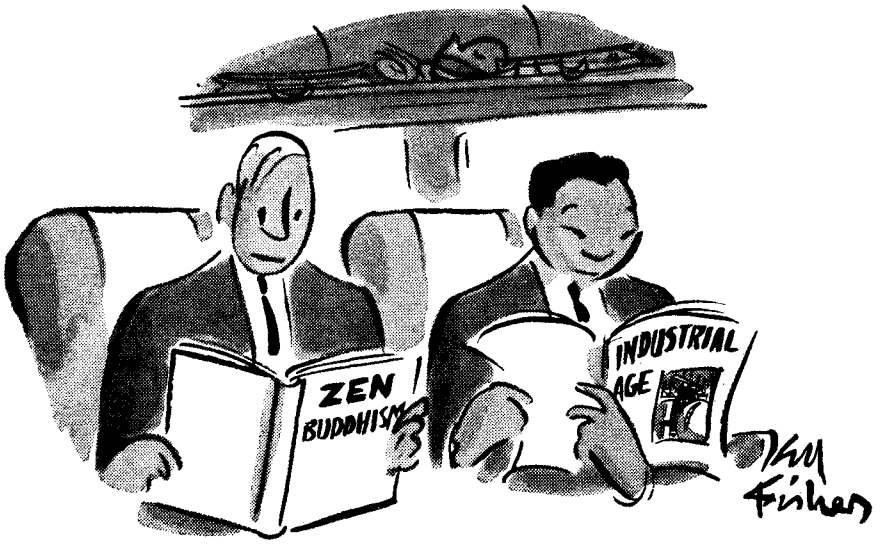
But there is a basic difference between the sciences and the humanities, which makes for frequent changes in pace and effectiveness as Stuart Chase switches back and forth between them. Inherent in the sciences, at least the natural sciences, is a central conceptual skeleton, an organizing architecture of ideas rather readily identifiable as more important or less important. The humanities have less tendency to show their ribs in any such fashion. Literature, religion, the arts display unorganized opulence of expression, a complexity of creative outpourings, which makes it difficult, in these fields, to relate one randomly selected item to another or arrange such items on a scale of relative value.

(We can without too much difficulty relate "enzyme" with "entropy" in a common conceptual scheme. Not so easily can that be done with, say, Picasso's "Three Musicians" and a Zen tea ceremony.)

Thus it is that Chase is able to give us a rather straightforward account of modern scientific theory concerning the origins of things—of the universe, the solar system, the earth, life, man. These are matters on which the author's knowledge is indirect, but he seems to have absorbed, assessed, and reissued that knowledge without serious distortion. (We shall not complain about the absence of Lemaître's primeval atom from Chase's cosmology, but should like to object to "a simple form of green alga" as "the earliest living structure.")

Early civilizations come closer than cosmology to Chase's own area of expertise. His account of them is correspondingly more affectionately conceived, more interestingly and analytically developed. But when he turns to more recent history he admits being baffled by its scope. The way to be a generalist here, he suggests, is to make a hobby of a particular country or period, and to become aware of the "ascending spiral of culture" propelled upward, as Ogburn conceives it to be, by technological progress.

The other social sciences fare better



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than history, probably because they are more scientific and more readily yield, as suggested above, a pattern of significant materials that can be set forth understandably in Chase's breezy, narrative way. Most nearly adequate of all are his outlines of semantics and economics—fields in which he has long practised the art of popular exposition.

Religion offers a greater difficulty. It is too big, its components too disarranged. Nevertheless Stuart Chase has the following things, also disarranged, to say about religion: A generalist is unlikely to be an atheist, a fundamentalist a Fascist or a Marxist. Marxism is, in any case, no true religion because it is founded largely on hate. Science is not a religion either, but it is not the enemy of religion; science has an ethic which is almost religious. Concerning religions themselves, primitive ones with certain distasteful and grisly features gave way ultimately to mature ones. Five of the latter appeared in rapid succession. These survived, spread, subdivided. They possess many common features, especially ethical ones. There are in fact enough ethical commonalties among all societies to permit the hope that a world ethic may perhaps be developed (Chase suggests one) which will spell survival for man.

Regarding the arts, the generalist needs to envision everyman as an artist in two senses, namely as producer and as consumer. Arts are arranged in series with crafts and the adornment of utensils at one end, painting and poetry at the other. To become a satisfied consumer of art, it helps to be as much of a producer as one can. (Chase draws cats.) Since the arts are so many and so broad, the generalist must explore and must endeavor to comprehend; having done so, he can honestly choose those arts that give him most satisfaction.

Experts are bound to be annoyed by the fleeting attention received by their specialties in a book that moves on so quickly from subject to subject (the impression is almost that of attempting to cover each of many broad topics in a separate telegram). Yet experts are usually the first to acknowledge the need for popular appreciation of their endeavors. That appreciation is what, in Western Union style, Stuart Chase has attempted here. His book is written for persons interested, or potentially interested, in becoming generalists. By itself, it is too diagrammatic to make a generalist out of anyone. But used with its bibliography, which might helpfully have been much expanded, it can point the way. And it makes the way seem well worth exploring.

FICTION

Ceremonial Violence in Kamakura

"Thousand Cranes," by Yasunari Kawabata; *translated by Edward Seidensticker (Knopf. 147 pp. $3), tells a poetic tale of thwarted love in modern Japan, which revolves around the ancient ceremony of taking tea. Poet and critic Kenneth Rexroth is the editor of "100 Poems from the Japanese."*

By Kenneth Rexroth

AMERICANISM, Catholicism, Marxism, existentialism—any general cultural manifestation—usually presents a "hard" and a "soft" aspect. This is true, certainly, of Japanese civilization. In contrast to the "Tale of Genji" there is the "Forty-seven Ronin"; the Saikaku of "Tales of a Voluptuous Woman" opposes the Saikaku of "Loves of the Samurai," possibly the most sadistic fiction in all literature. In fact, it might be said that Japanese culture exhibits this dichotomy to an unusual degree. It is usually the hard expression which lasts longest and is taken most seriously in the West: "hard" and "classic," *e.g.*, long lasting and exemplary, are practically synonymous. In Japan, no. We would be shocked and amused if next New Year's Day President Eisenhower and General de Gaulle exchanged little poems in imitation of Emily Dickinson and Stéphane Mallarmé. In Japan such activities are part of the necessary ritual of government. As Osamu Dasai is the representative of hard Japanese fiction today, so Yasunari Kawabata is an outstanding representative of the soft.

In the West Osamu Dasai is considered Japan's greatest recent writer while Kawabata is liked only by incorrigible sentimentalists, and these judgments are shared by most more or less Westernized Japanese critics. I do not think there is much doubt as to the intrinsic merits of Dasai. His comparative merits in respect to Kawabata are another matter. Both are really equally sentimental. Just because it is shocking is no sign that emotional overemphasis has ceased to be the definition of sentimentality. Dasai's world is not "the real Japan" and Kawabata's "an anachronistic fake." Both treat of a world of dissolving and unsatisfying values, both reflect the reality of mid-twentieth-

—*Cecil Beaton.*

Kawabata—evokes the "Tale of Genji."

century Japan in transition to the unknowable future. Dasai evokes Celine, Kawabata evokes the "Tale of Genji." We feel that Dasai is more up to date, but he isn't really, by very many years, because Kawabata's Genji is Genji seen through the eyes of Mallarmé and his disciples.

The "Izu Dancer," "Snow Country," and now "Thousand Cranes" are a sort of ultimate expression of French Symbolism brought to late forced flower in a country which is nothing if not overly generous with evocative and provocative symbols. Also it is a specific aspect of Japanese classical culture that almost exclusively interests Kawabata. Most of the complex symbology and hidden meanings in Lady Murasaki's great novel are over the heads of Western readers. The episode which everybody likes best, and can best understand, is the chapter "Yugao," the story of the murder of a new, beautiful, and mysterious mistress of Genji's by the demon which became incarnate from a moment of jealous rage on the part of his royal mistress, Lady Rokujo. Not, bear in mind her ghost, or even the ghost of *her* hate or jealousy—the moment of hate detached itself from time and from its originator and became a ghostly person who strikes down the beautiful and beloved for three generations. "Yugao" is merely the most obvious episode in a long subtle war of good and evil. Western readers do not need to be ashamed

(*Continued on page* 49)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Science Editor
John Lear

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Editorial Production
Dorothy C. Knight

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Ass't. Book Review Editor
Rollene W. Saal

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory
Harrison Brown
John Mason Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
James Thrall Soby
John Steinbeck

Contributing Editors
Hollis Alpert
Henry Hewes
Granville Hicks
Arthur Knight
Gilbert Seldes
Robert Lewis Shayon
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Contents Copyrighted, 1959, by Saturday Review, Inc.

Man's Search for Wholeness

PAGAN prayers have an earthy honesty. They are neither pretentious nor professional. Their piety is transparent and human. Claiming little, they offer much. They mirror man's real condition. Their unspoiled simplicity catches and holds an unsophisticated wisdom. What they may miss in knowledge of the gods, they provide in knowledge of human need and hope. Born out of necessity and extremity, they ring true.

It is this ring of authenticity that one hears in Socrates's prayer to Pan at the end of the "Phaedrus": "Make the outer and the inner man one!" What makes the prayer impressive is not simply that it had a point for Plato in the setting of duplicity and deceit of a Greece in growing dissolution. It is rather that it immortalizes the human hunger for integrity wherever man is found—clue to his ambivalent freedom and power, and the domains of his outer and inner life. This hunger is confessed not as a hope, but a necessity. For without it there is no health in man or between men. It is no luxury for the pious; it is the bread of life for the truly human, for man who seeks . . . "not length of days, but quality of spirit."

This notion and need for integrity is the root meaning of religion, *religare,* "to bind together again," and the root problem of modern man. The new and powerful "religions" for binding men together again are being founded and forged in counterpart of the same phenomenon. As the chasm between man's inner intention and outer acts, his pretensions and his practice, deepen, so does his hunger for wholeness. As his personal integrity falls apart, his vulnerability to collective healing and wholemaking is deepened. There is a real connection, rarely understood, between man's personal moral failure to achieve integrity, and the success of those socio-cultural "religions" that promise and provide collective "wholeness," and indeed, the fanatic power and faithfulness to principle, they release and enjoy. Such "religions" cannot be understood, much less met, short of a decisive dealing with this hunger for integrity.

The tragic weakness of the West at this moment of history, and of Western man personally, is his refusal to face and solve this fact about himself in either secular or religious terms. His suspicion of a resolution of this division of inner and outer man through surrender of inner freedom and conscience to the outer collective conscience and religion of state, race, or external authority is sound. But he evades a viable alternative in fact, though he possesses and professes one in principle. He affirms in principle the integrity of human freedom, grounded in God, disciplined in love, sustained by respect for persons wherever found, in the humanity of oneself or any other, and intent on creating a society bound by freedom and faith from within and not force and fear from without. Yet, in anxiety-ridden ways and days he acts differently, and what he does and what he says grow stranger to one another. What he is becomes a battlefield, an inner contradiction breaking out periodically on the one hand in moral platitudes, escape into verbalization, and, on the other, violent and arbitrary action.

We speak much about barbaric and indiscriminate destruction of human life latent in nuclear warfare, yet remain the first and only "civilized nation" to have dropped an atomic bomb on men, women, and children. We speak much about God-given "inalienable human rights," yet tolerate the calculated thwarting alienation of such rights in wholesale numbers with mounting tension within our country. We claim a Judaeo-Christian heritage, which subordinates the material to the spiritual, yet watch and feed the growing inversion of this order both at home and abroad.

We speak of democratic alliances, yet traffic with tyranny and the tyrant.

Small wonder these days even pagans pray, "Make the outer and the inner man one." There can be no peace so long as we live in two pieces. There can be no moral health so long as our acts contradict our words. This is no starry-eyed idealism. It is the earthy realism of honest pagans.

Until now our duplicity could be tolerated as luxury, drawing on an earlier moral bank account. But when the world totters on the verge of moral bankruptcy, such luxury is despised by real men, however pagan. Though we may reject collective religion's cure for solving the breach between man's outer and inner life, through sublimation, exploitation, or denial of the private inner intention in favor of the consistent demands of the outer required action, we really have nothing serious to say short of an alternative integrity.

The alternative is prophesied in the prayer to Pan. It reverses the order of collective religion. It makes the outer act servant of the inner intention, and the intention the freely given servant of the gods. With Socrates, and those who followed him, this service was refined. The "s" is dropped and an "o" is added in the god's name. Thus moralized and universalized, man's moral freedom was given a cosmic setting and faithfulness, and moral guide in his relations with men.

But with this refinement, the prayer is no longer pagan, and the integrity it seeks not merely local or human. It prophesies the wholeness and holiness of a Good God, resident and personalized in the moral majesty and integrity of perfect man, corrective to all external authority of collective religions, guardian of faithful human freedom, and blueprint of man's moral responsibility and destiny. Only this can adequately guide either our prayer or our practice.

—Glenn A. Olds,
President,
Springfield College.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CORRECTION

The Editors deeply regret an error in their identification of Maurice Mitchell, who wrote "The Sleeping Giant" in the February 14 issue of Saturday Review. *Mr. Mitchell is not the president of Encyclopaedia Britannica, but of Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc. The president of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is Mr. R. C. Preble.*

DEEPER APPRECIATION

JOHN CIARDI'S EDITORIAL, "Literature Undefended" (*SR* Jan. 31), is worth many times the cost of a year's subscription. It gave me a new and deeper appreciation of each of the more than 2,500 books which I have accumulated during the past half century.

A. L. HENSON.

Atlanta, Ga.

ENTHUSIASTIC

SR HAS ALWAYS been highly esteemed by me, but I must admit that my recent enthusiasm for it has been prompted by the articles of John Ciardi. His editorial leaves me with that high breathlessness that accompanies beauty and truth perceived. Each and every time he is in print I am inspired to reread earlier articles by him that you have published.

WILLIAM A. RAWLS, JR.

Rocky Mount, N. C.

ELOQUENT EVIDENCE

I WAS PARTICULARLY glad to see the article "What Is a True University?" by Archibald MacLeish (*SR* Jan. 31), as it is eloquent evidence of the pertinence of Woodrow Wilson's ideas on education to today's problems. This is a matter of great interest to the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. As a matter of fact, the Woodrow Wilson Foundation commissioned Mr. MacLeish to write this article, which is one of a series exploring various aspects of education, with special reference to Woodrow Wilson's ideas. I thought your readers might be interested to know that copies of this and subsequent papers will be available shortly from the Woodrow Wilson Foundation headquarters at 45 East 65th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

AUGUST HECKSCHER.

New York, N. Y.

BAD LOGIC

THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM has not passed! In Archibald MacLeish's "What Is a True University?" we have yet another example of the bad logic men of letters have always used to attack the value of specialization. For instance, in concluding that the specialist is an ant, Mr. MacLeish fails to see that just because one *has* specialized knowledge, it does not follow that one must specialize its *use;* an admitted antlike procedure. The ideal specialist is one who has specialized knowledge but makes its use as *manifold* as its nature will permit. I submit that the *non*-specialist is the cause of our educational troubles, not the specialist. Since the non-specialist does not have new solutions to solve the new problems of today, he can only advance the *old* solutions of yesterday's non-special knowledge. However, because the old does not apply to the new, by depreciating possible new solutions and advancing old ones proved insufficient, the non-specialist's prime function reduces to retarding rather than forwarding progress.

HARRY KERASTAS.

Detroit, Mich.

"All right, so you admit it! You *always* admit it! The question is, when are you going to stop *doing* it?"

ONE OF THE BEST

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S article is undoubtedly one of the best. Most of our other writers merely state the problems, are mildly alarmist, and leave us feeling generally uneasy. Mr. MacLeish has gotten to the crux of the problem, he has provided us with the answer to the American dilemma.

ALAN SHESTACK.

Middletown, Conn.

INCISIVE COMMENT

PLEASE EXTEND MY heartiest congratulations to Mr. Archibald MacLeish for his incisive comment on the currently popular attitude toward education. Although taking exception to his implication of the constant virtue of decisions of the present Supreme Court, I unreservedly concur in the conclusions of Professor MacLeish. We are surely "moving ominously" in the direction of the Totalitarian State, whether its name is Communism or Nation.

LAWSON HENRY LOWRANCE.

Topsail Beach, N. C.

TIMELY AND FORCEFUL

CONGRATULATIONS ON the timely and forceful article by Archibald MacLeish. The idea that education is a function of the society in which it exists and must choose the needs it proposes to satisfy on the basis of the character of the community is vital for educators and laymen to be cognizant of as America re-evaluates its educational system. As Mr. MacLeish further points out, it is the university's duty to preserve and transmit the character of the community.

RITA BURDETT.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

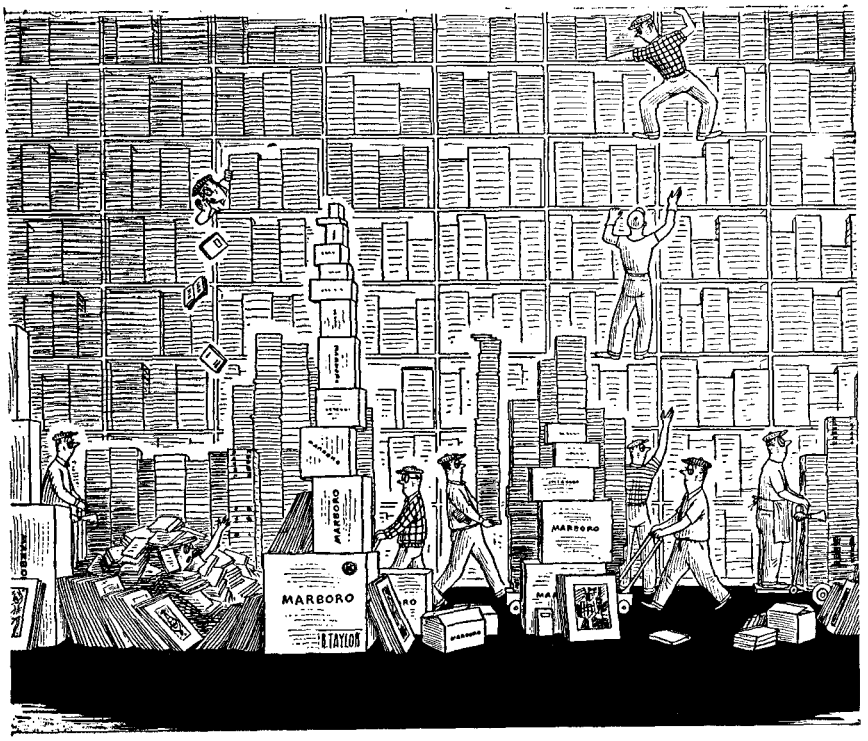
ONE SMALL POINT

AS MARCEL AYMÉ'S PUBLISHER [Harper] for the past ten years, I am happy to see that splendid review by Professor Claude Vigée (*SR* Jan. 24) and I hope that it will earn for Aymé's "Across Paris and Other Stories" a readership in this country similar to the one that Aymé has in other parts of the world. May I pass on to such readers one small point: Professor Vigée regrets that "Across Paris" does not contain "any of the exquisite 'Contes du Chat Perché'." We thoroughly agree with M. Vigée that these stories are exquisite and have published them in English in two volumes—one called "The Wonderful Farm," published in 1951, and the other, "The Magic Pictures," published in 1954.

SIMON MICHAEL BESSIE.

New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SAVE up to 84%

on fabulous books!

marboro's SEMI-ANNUAL WAREHOUSE CLEARANCE SALE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. S- 428, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below.

☐ Enclosed find $_____ ☐ Send C.O.D.* Minimum purchase $3.00.

☐ Charge my Diners' Club account #_____ } Limited to orders of $5.00 or more.

☐ Charge my American Express account #_____

5668	5891	5901	6277	6617	7067	7123	7175	7233	7279	7340	7422	7643	7677
7691	7692	7774	7792	7794	7805	7809	7812	7815	7831	7844	7889	7899	7925
7933	7934	7940	7951	7982	7989	7990	7991	7992	8001	8002	8004	8014	8015
8017	8027	8053	8061	8067	8089	8091	8096	8098	8099	8111	8131	8141	
P462	P532	P534	P548	P549	P550	P551	P552	P557					

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular

New York City residents add 3% sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D.
Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions.
10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP
47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street
56 West 8th Street • 390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)

7123. THE MODERN POET. An anthology chosen and edited by Gwendolen Murphy. Auden, Cummings, Eliot, Housman, Moore, Pound, Sitwell, Thomas, Yeats and forty other top-flight poets—representative selections and informed commentary. *Special* **1.00**

7340. HER MAJESTY THE CAT. By Fernand Mery. *Illustrated with 68 photographs.* Proud, independent, inscrutable—here is Her Majesty the Cat, as seen by France's leading animal psychologist and zoologist; here is feline history, feline psychology and a thorough guide to handling and rearing cats; a handbook for cat lovers and a treasury of cat lore. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

8001. CONTEMPORARY CAPITALISM. By John Strachey. An appraisal of the changing character of the capitalist economy—controversial, stimulating and a challenge to both the defenders and opponents of the capitalist system. A major work by a major political thinker. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7889. MEDITERRANEAN BLUE. By Sisley Huddleston. Vivid impressions of Provence, the Cote d'Azur, the Italian Riviera, Corsica and all the rest of a fabulous coast, and their fascinating historical background. Illus. *Pub. at $2.50.* *Only* **1.00**

7951. Arthur Koestler's Autobiography: THE INVISIBLE WRITING. A stark account of Koestler's life as a Communist, lived in an atmosphere of terror, the bitter lessons he learned and a nerve-wracking account of his ultimate escape—an eloquent book that is almost an allegory of Western man's 20th-century dilemma. *Special* **1.98**

7809. WOMEN OF PARIS. By Andre Maurois. Photos by Nico Jesse. 125 candid shots, beautifully reproduced in gravure, of models, students, ballerinas, ladies of the night, *Folies* girls, as well as sweethearts, wives and mothers. Maurois text in English. Softbound. *Special* **1.00**

7812. NIGHTS IN PARIS. By Jan Brusse. Photos by Daniel Frasnay. Over 100 striking shots of the cafes, dives, strip-tease palaces, street corners and back alleys of the most fabulous city in the world, and its lovers, its tramps, its socialites and its entertainers of every size and shape. *Special* **1.00**

7989. Adlai Stevenson: THE NEW AMERICA. Ed. by A. Schleisinger, Jr. et al. A permanent record of the basic program set forth in the 1956 campaign—the most important speeches and program papers (documents of much greater thoroughness) of a leading American citizen who still exerts considerable influence and whose ideas are of lasting value. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

7991. DE LESSEPS OF SUEZ: The Man & His Times. By Charles Beatty. The extraordinary account of an 89-year life that encompassed two careers, two families and—almost—two canals; here is a fantasy beyond the wildest fiction, yet every incredible bit of it is true. Illus. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

8014. THE EUROPEANS — Photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson. This large (10¾" x 14½"), handsomely produced volume of magnificent photos by one of the greatest camera artists of all time presents the face of a continent as seen mainly in the faces and off-guard actions of its people. 114 stunning pictures, most of them presented full-page or larger, in an edition featuring a colorful Miro binding and English captions. *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

8067. MUSIC OF THE WORLD. By Kurt Pahlen. A panoramic history of all aspects of music, from all periods and countries. 400 illustrations. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.49**

5901. ALL THE SEXES: A Study of Masculinity and Femininity. By George W. Henry, M.D. A monumental study of sexual variance and the problems of psychosexual adjustment; case histories of a homosexual and other variants, male and female, and the legal and social problems of dealing with sex offenders. 600 pp. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

7067. INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILES. Here is the fabulous first edition, 1957, of a truly unique publication—*over 300 automobiles,* 1957 models from all over the world, arranged alphabetically, *each illustrated in full color,* with complete summaries of important technical data in English, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. From Alfa-Romeo to Austin-Healy, from Rambler to Rolls, an indispensable pictorial treasury for the aficionado. Self cover. *Pub at $10.00.* *Only* **1.98**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Special* **1.98**

7692. THE FACE OF A COUNTRY: A Picture Book of Czechoslovakia. By J. Marco & M. Peterka. Through forests, glades and mountains, past castles, mansions and cathedrals, in villages and towns where past and present join hands, a wayfarer in his native land records the natural and architectural splendors, the wide variety of people he meets. Here is a magnificent tribute to his country by a fine camera artist —200 photos, beautifully reproduced in gravure. 9½" x 11". *Special* **2.98**

7794. *ESQUIRE* CARTOON ALBUM. This great big 25th Anniversary Volume is filled with over 550 cartoons in the inimitable *Esquire* manner, 150 in color, by more than 80 top cartoonists—a quarter-century of rich and robust humor from one of the country's favorite magazines. 9" x 11½". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7691. THE BOOK OF WALLPAPER: A History and an Appreciation. By E. A. Entwisle. Intro. by Sacheverell Sitwell. From the first wallpapers to those of the 20th century, here is a panorama of a neglected art form; chapters on Chinese wallpapers, painted papers, print rooms, William Morris and other designers, etc. Over 70 illustrations, three in color. 7½" x 10". *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8015. ALAIN'S STEEPLECHASE. A book of 250 cartoons by Alain that have livened the pages of *The New Yorker* over a period of 25 years and that will certainly continue to entertain for years to come. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

7992. THE REEFS OF TAPROBANE: Underwater Adventures Around Ceylon. By Arthur C. Clarke. An account of thrills, discovery and the investigation of a 300-year-old Hindu temple lying on the ocean bed. Many photos in color and black-and-white by Mike Wilson. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.00**

P-462. Chinese Ink Drawings: CATS. A saucy pair of felines skilfully drawn in the remarkable Oriental tradition that reveals with just a few brush strokes the very essence and inner characteristics of the living creature portrayed. Wonderful Chinese calligraphy in red and black running parallel to the pictures. 21" high x 13" wide. *Pub. at $10.00. The pair, only* **1.98**

7233. DROLL STORIES. By Honore de Balzac. For more than a century these tales have diverted generation after generation in search of lusty laughter, gay humor and sophisticated ribaldry. *Complete, unabridged, unexpurgated edition,* with the famous Dore illustrations. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7933. Photos by Weegee—NAKED HOLLYWOOD. Text by Mel Harris. A fabulous photographer turns his camera on a fabulous town and the result is a shocking, outrageously funny, artistically brilliant documentary—some of it you won't believe even after you see it: V.I.P.'s in Very Interesting Poses, candid shots off the sets on the stage of life, etc.—with a brief but brilliant text. 8½"x11". *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7175. INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PROSE AND POETICAL QUOTATIONS. Ed. & arranged for quick reference by William S. Walsh. A standard reference work of 1100 pages that is easy to use, complete and up-to-date; a 32-page supplement of contemporary quotes includes references to the atom bomb, Iron Curtain and television. Features include an *alphabetically arranged topical index, complete subject concordance* and *author index.* *Very special* **1.98**

8053. BEST OF BEARDSLEY. Ed. by R. A. Walker. With 135 illustrations. Handsome volume, 9" x 11", containing the finest examples of his drawings with definitive text on the unique genius of Beardsley's art. The reproductions are excellent and the paper and printing are of the highest quality. *Pub. at $6.25.* *Only* **1.98**

8027. THE POSTERS OF PICASSO. Ed. by Joseph K. Foster. Published with the approval of the artist. This volume contains lithographic reproductions of virtually all of Picasso's work in this field. The 24 posters, the originals of which in many cases were supplied by M. Picasso, are faithfully reproduced in original colors. Size 10½" x 12¼". All posters easily removable for framing. *Pub. at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

8089. STRANGERS IN THE LAND: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925. By John Higham. An exciting, revealing and lively account of the 100% Americanism that showed itself in the face of the high tide of immigration and other social forces such as war and "Red scares." Illus. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

P-557. CHINESE SCROLL: *HORSES.* The artists of the Tang Dynasty chose the grace and movement of horses as a favorite theme and consequently became eminent specialists in portraying equestrian subjects. In their many handsome wash drawings horses were depicted with realistic fidelity as exemplified in this gorgeous scroll on silk of seven cavorting horses. The strong linear treatment; the subtle gradations of black and the ingenious pyramidal design make this lovely scroll one of the finest paintings of this type we have ever seen. Numerous silk screens were used to capture the many black, gray and white tonalities of the original and transfer them onto silk. The Chinese calligraphy in black and red in the upper left corner is a fascinating decorative motif. The print measures 40" high x 22" wide and is framed top and bottom by wooden dowels for hanging. *Special* **7.95**

7805. Bull Fighting — TAUROMACHY. Ed. by Enrique Llovet. Photos by Juan Gyenes. Preface by Juan Belmonte. Here is the story of the Corrida, told in over 100 breathtaking photographs, superbly reproduced in gravure; a handsome volume, 8½" x 11", in which the striking and dramatic photos are accompanied by detailed diagrams, an informative and commemorative text and eight full-color tip-on plates. An *aficionado's* book. *Pub. at $12.50.* *Only* **5.95**

7677. POETRY AND HUMANISM. By M. M. Mahood. The Humanism of Donne, Milton and other 17th century poets and affinity between their poetry and the Baroque mode in the visual arts are explained here. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

7982. SPAIN'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM. By Lawrence Fernsworth. The detailed story of the ways in which the people of Spain have yearned and struggled for freedom through the centuries—about one-third of the story told from the author's first-hand experiences. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.00**

8002. DUVEEN. By S. N. Behrman. A literary triumph of unremitting interest, an anecdotal feast unique in our time—the story of the astonishing career of Joseph Duveen, Lord Millbank, the most spectacular art dealer of all times. Illus. by Saul Steinberg. *Pub. at $3.50.* *Only* **1.00**

6617. Four Thousand Years of Beautiful Women: THE CHANGING FACE OF BEAUTY. By Madge Garland. *Over 400 magnificent illustrations* of the most dazzling beauties of 40 centuries. A fascinating record of the ever-changing fashions and forms of feminine beauty from the Minoans to Marilyn Monroe. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8096. LISTENER'S MUSICAL COMPANION. By B. H. Haggin. Readers of all degrees of musical experience will benefit by what Mr. Haggin says about the meaning of music, by his evaluations of composers and specific musical works and by his recommendations of recorded performances. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7990. MEETING PREHISTORIC MAN. By G. H. R. von Koenigswald. The search for early man, excitingly told by a world famous scientist who, himself, made some of the most important finds. Over 30 photos, nearly 50 drawings. *Pub. at $3.50. Only* **1.00**

P-532. MIRO: *MATERNITY.* Fantastic pendulous shapes in black, red, yellow, blue, purple and white on a gray background. Silk-screen. 24" high x 18¾" wide. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7792. AMERICA'S ARTS AND SKILLS. By the Editors of LIFE. Here, in one magnificent volume, is the great history of American skill in fashioning beautiful, useful things. *More than 250 full-color illustrations,* plus many in black and white, provide a pictorial record of 300 years of American inventiveness and design and 30,00 words of text provide an illuminating background. This large (10½"x14") book, printed on heavy coated paper and beautifully bound with a gold-stamped cover, is a comprehensive and authentic reference gallery of Americana, a fabulous history revealing the very roots of our culture. *Pub. at $13.95.* *Only* **7.95**

5668. BALLET CARNIVAL. By Margaret Crosland. Over 100 biographies of the great figures in ballet; almost 200 stories of all the well-known works; a vocabulary from adagio to zapateado; a guide to phonograph records. 400 pp. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

5891. ANATOMY FOR THE ARTIST. By Jeno Barcsay. This tremendous book, representing the life experience of a famous teacher of anatomy, is an important acquisition for any serious art lover. In a clear, simple text, *illustrated with 142 plates,* Prof. Barcsay has described the entire skeletal, muscular and epidermal structure of both the male and the female body, and has added special groups on proportions, on the body in motion, the body in contrapposto, and in all other positions. 344 pp. 10" x 13¼". *Pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **7.95**

7899. THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE. By Wallace Fowlie. Studies in modern French literature, analyzing writers as varied as Proust, Gide, Mauriac and Claudel, and interpreting their deeper meanings. *Special* **89¢**

8131. RELIGION & THE REBEL. By Colin Wilson. The brilliant author of *The Outsider* has written a shocking and amazingly erudite book that has plunged the literary world of two continents into controversy. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.00**

P-548. PICASSO: *TWO HARLEQUINS.* A favorite Picasso theme with two-dimensional figures vigorously conceived in squares, cubes and circles and presented in segmented sections of red, gray, black, yellow, tan and white against a tan background. Silk screen. 22" high x 17" wide. *Pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8099. AFFABLE SAVAGES. By Francis Huxley. An anthropologist's account of his life among the Urubu Indians of Brazil—both an engaging book of travel and an extremely revealing work of anthropology. Illus. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

7643. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CLOTHES. By J. C. Flugel. This lively and amusing book has established itself as a classic in its field, a book to which modern psychologists are indebted for their understanding of our ambivalent attitude toward clothing. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8098. THINKING BY MACHINE. By Pierre de Latil. Foreword by Isaac Asimov. "One of the really good popularizations of cybernetics," says Norbert Wiener of this skillful and lively presentation of the thought behind the thinking machines. Illus. *Pub. at $5.50.* *Only* **1.98**

7934. BOOKS THAT CHANGED OUR MINDS. Ed. by Malcolm Cowley & Bernard Smith. Noted critics review books by Spengler, Dewey, Freud, Veblen, Beard and others that profoundly affected our intellectual climate. *Pub. at $3.50. Only* **1.00**

P-534. MAYAN ART: *THE FOUR FORTUNES OF THE MAIZE.* A three-panelled frieze of a primitive corn ceremony silk-screened in blue, green, purple, sand, red, tan and white on a sand background. Reproduced from the famous *Codex Mayer.* 26" high x 39" wide. *Pub. at $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7774. EDITH HAMILTON'S GREECE: The Greek Way & The Echo of Greece. Two of Miss Hamilton's most famous works: her now classic study of Greek literature, philosophy and art, and its sequel, concerned with the era of Plato, Aristotle, Alexander, the Stoics and Plutarch. *Pub. at $3.95 each.* *Two vol. boxed set, only* **5.95**

8091. MARCEL PROUST AND THE DELIVERANCE FROM TIME. By Germaine Bree. A profound and illuminating analysis of the Proustian world in which so many readers have lost their way—not so much an invitation to reading as it is to understanding. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**

8111. LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA. By Carlo Maria Franzero. An outstanding biography of a vital, vivid, beautiful and scheming woman, an enchantress motivated by passion and immense political ambition. Illus. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7831. MEN AND GARDENS. By Nan Fairbrother. A rare and enchanting book that celebrates the enduring place of gardens in man's life and traces their changing forms and uses in different lands and ages. Illus. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

P-550. KLEE: *ORIENTAL FESTIVAL.* Here is a charming Klee dream world. Trees, buildings and flowers fade into a wonderful mauve and orange background. His "hot" colors are enlivened by cool greens and jade blues. The silk screen process has captured the opaque textures and merging hues. 15½" high x 30" wide. *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7925. LEICA WORLD. Ed. by Jacquelyn Balish. A magnificent book that shows, through the eyes of the world's great photographers, the creative scope of 35 mm photography today. Well over 100 masterful photographs by 77 artists of the camera—Eisenstaedt, Cartier-Bresson, Halsman and Dr. Paul Wolff, the Leica pioneer, are just a few. Most reproductions are full-page (8¼" x 11⅛") or larger, with 12 pages in glowing color. Text includes a history of the Leica and guide to every model Leica ever made. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

8061. JUDAISM AND MODERN MAN. By Will Herberg. An interpretation of Jewish life and religion that presents the fundamentals of Jewish faith in the light of modern life and thought—a restatement of the Jewish religious tradition in terms of modern philosophy. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7940. DAYS TO REMEMBER. By John Gunther & Bernard Quint. Stunningly presented in more than 400 photographs and 45,00 words of text, here are the days to remember—momentous, often anxious, always exciting—the minutes and hours we have just lived through; a full-scale look at America from 1945 to 1955 in one stunning volume. 9" x 12". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

P-549. CHAGALL: *CATTLE DEALER.* Delicate pinks, acid greens, transparent blues, browns and yellow simply radiate tonal brilliance in this typical Chagall fantasy of a farm cart, cattle, farmer and lovers. A silk screen reproduction that will make a remarkable wall decoration. 14½" high x 30½" wide. *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7422. Life in the France of Louis XIV: THE SPLENDID CENTURY. By W. H. Lewis. All the seething, turbulent, insensitive conglomeration of people and events that made Louis XIV's reign memorable, packed into one remarkable book. Here are the King and his love affairs, scenes of daily life, vivid pictures of fawning nobles at Court and ordinary persons throughout France, hundreds of glimpses of the ermine and vermin surrounding the magnificent Sun King. Contemporary illustrations. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

8004. FROM ONE CHINA TO THE OTHER: 144 Photographs. By Henri Cartier-Bresson. A monumental human document of the transition from Nationalist to Communist government in China; scenes of confusion, monastery timelessness and military immediacy; the soul of a people 600 million strong, trying to preserve ancient values in the midst of an epoch-making crisis. Produced in France. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7279. ART NEWS ANNUAL 1958. A beautifully boxed edition of the current issue of America's most sumptuous annual of the arts. *45 color plates* and numerous drawings, engravings, etc. illustrate sparkling articles on the fabulous Albert D. Lasker collection of modern art, the Irwin Untermeyer collection of antiques, the art of Sassetta and Giovanni de Paolo, Kline and Rothko, Fulton and Morse, Zen art, the composer Eric Satie, art news of the year, etc. 201 pp. 9¾" x 12¾". *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.49**

8141. BALLET IN MOSCOW TODAY. By Helene Bellew. A magnificently and profusely illustrated volume that presents the ballet scene in Moscow, all the principal dancers, the major ballets and the Bolshoi School. Over 150 action photos accompany detailed summaries of the ballets: *Cinderella, Swan Lake, Raimonda, Bronze Horseman, Sleeping Beauty,* etc. *Pub. at $7.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8017. SHARKS AND LITTLE FISH. By Wolfgang Ott. One of the great sea novels of World War II, a powerful description of naval warfare from the German side and a shattering indictment of modern war. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Only* **1.00**

7815. DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA: An Intimate Journal. By John Malcolm Brinnin. A detailed account of the poet's final years by the man who brought him to this country and who was, for four turbulent years, his friend, adviser and business manager. Here is a latter-day Byron, a living legend, as he sweeps across the country, drinking himself to death. Illus. *Pub. at $4.75.* *Only* **1.98**

P-551. LURCAT: *BLUE ROOSTER* and *RED ROOSTER.* This pair of roosters has been silk screened onto a single sheet measuring 23" high x 30" wide. Can be framed as is or cut apart to each measure 18" high x 9" wide. Either way the gay reds, pinks, greens, yellow, orange, black, sand and blue make this piquant pair of fowl scintillating wall decorations. *Both pub. at $15.00.* *Both only* **2.98**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600

DEBORAH KERR • YUL BRYNNER
in
ANATOLE LITVAK'S
Production of
"THE JOURNEY"
Co-Starring
ROBERT MORLEY
E. G. MARSHALL
With
KURT KASZNAR..DAVID KOSSOFF
MARIE DAEMS..ANNE JACKSON
And Introducing
JASON ROBARDS, JR.
Screen Play by GEORGE TABORI
AN ALBY PICTURE
Produced and Directed by
ANATOLE LITVAK
From M-G-M in METROCOLOR

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"SET TO MUSIC"
Produced by Russell Markert, featuring dazzling "Times Square" spectacle with the famed Rockettes as top-hatted "Yankee Doodle Dandies," Corps de Ballet, outstanding guest artists and Symphony Orchestra, directed by Raymond Paige.

ONLY AT THIS THEATRE
WALT DISNEY'S
Sleeping Beauty
TECHNIRAMA 70
TECHNICOLOR
FULL STEREOPHONIC SOUND
Exclusive PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT
DOORS OPEN 9:30 A.M.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES
Popular Prices
ONLY AT THE
CRITERION
B'way & 45th St.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Milkmaid and the Murderer

GERMAN movies have been coming over here in greater numbers lately, and while one is hardly likely to find them on the Loew's circuits, the smaller art houses are giving them the chance to find an audience. **"The Sins of Rose Bernd"** has Maria Schell playing the heroine in an adaptation of the Gerhart Hauptman play, which may have seemed like bold, earthy stuff in 1903, but which no longer has much to tell us about how and why poor farm girls become pregnant. In fact, the wonder is why the people responsible for the movie took so much time and trouble to tailor the story—in color, no less. Miss Schell is found working as a milkmaid and general helper for a rich farmer and his invalid wife. When first seen the girl is buxom and exceedingly cheerful, but by the time the farmer has gotten through with her, and she also has been seduced by a brutish tractor driver, the poor creature has lost her baby, her self-respect, her smiling countenance and, in other words, has learned what life is all about.

This kind of story I'm sure once drew deep sighs from audiences. But real as Miss Schell might try to make the plight of the girl it is always clear that what she is wringing out is one cliché after another. The other characters contribute to the general staleness of the story. There is the stiff-necked, bullet-headed old father of the girl who can't believe that his daughter has had carnal relations and when it is all too, too apparent that she has indeed sinned, the father withholds all sympathy and understanding in classical style. The invalid wife of the farmer has a deep, perceptive way of seeing men for what they are (brutes, animals, the whole lot of them) and the farmer himself, when the chips are down, proves that he was only out for a good time all along. The direction of this teary business was handled by Wolfgang Staudte, and he has put the thing together with the precision and workmanship and lack of style of a German house. The movie, in other words, is both solid and dull.

"The Devil Strikes at Night" is quite another matter. There is at times brilliance in the way this story (presumably based on fact) of a German mass murderer, whose crimes were uncovered during the war, has been handled by Robert Siodmak, a director who has done considerable work in Hollywood. Taken as a thriller alone the story moves along and has its moments of surprise and terror. But it has some validity, too, because of the way certain political material has been blended in. A police agent happens to run across a series of crimes that have about them suspiciously similar circumstances. In each case a woman has been murdered. The criminal is soon enough tracked down, and when he is the Gestapo enters the case. The reason: the Gestapo is interested in selling the German people on the wholesome idea of eradicating misfits, morons, and other inferiors from the German race.

The mass murderer might make a good case to prove the Gestapo's point. Show the bad heredity, and you naturally justify purifying the stock. There is only one trouble; heinous as are the crimes of the murderous fellow there isn't much in his hereditary past to show how he got that way. The case is then quickly dropped, the criminal is quietly done away with, and the agent who uncovered the grisly business is sent off to the front, where perhaps the Russians will dispose of *him*. Mr. Siodmak has made an uncommonly interesting movie out of all this; his atmospheric effects convey a haunting sense of decadence and despair in the Germany of the war years, and the Nazis are made to seem relatively human as well as evil and twisted. Claus Holm and Annemarie Duringer manage to stand out among the performers, but all the acting is on a high, even sophisticated level. One may draw the conclusion, if one might like to, that the simple murderer was behaving on his level not unlike his masters considerably higher up. How the German audiences take to movies of this kind, I have no way of knowing. Like "The Devil's General" of a couple of years back it carries reminders of Hitlerdom and the war years and also presupposes that there were a few good, if albeit helpless, Germans around.

At any rate, the German film industry looks to be more alive when it deals with subjects out of its guilty past than when it attempts to portray the sorrows of Rose Bernd.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

The Limits of Liberty

ONE of the cardinal principles of American society is freedom of speech and one of its cynical axioms is that "talk's cheap." Rumors are current that sponsors will soon pay for some of the programs of conversation which have brightened the TV screen lately, and with the rumor comes the suspicion that once the commercial appears, the talk—no longer cheap—will not be quite so free and easy. I sincerely hope so. It has just been announced that the first hour of **"Open End,"** discussed below, is now sponsored.

Each of these conversational programs has brought a longed-for excellence to television and I make my firm demurrer only because they are badly produced, they will fail, and they will make it all the harder for the same excellence to reappear. In their various ways each seems so confident of being on the side of the angels—and none will give the devil his due, as if the eloquence of a preacher would be corrupted by his knowledge of grammar.

It is precisely the grammar of television that these programs choose to ignore. **"The Press and the People"** has found two ways of creating confusion while using the instruments intended for clarity: from time to time, after Louis Lyons has been engaging his guests in conversation, a totally unidentified voice asks questions that Lyons could appropriately ask; and on many occasions, notably during a conversation involving J. K. Galbraith and the Philadelphia financial editor J. A. Livingston, Mr. Lyons has acted like a referee who instead of separating the clinched and highly vocal combatants, got into the fight himself. Later, as in the very important Sevareid-Agronsky discussion, these defects were eliminated. The two veterans were in themselves a demonstration of the principle that speech cannot effectively communicate ideas merely by being free—it has to be organized as well.

ONE of the ways to organize is to have a center—the subject, the topic under discussion. If I understand the introduction to **"The World of Ideas"** correctly, it does indeed have a central topic ("Is Censorship of the Arts ever Justified" for the first two sessions) but the intention is something more ambitious than finding (or not finding) an answer to the question. It is to illuminate for us the processes of thought, of argument. But even the smaller purpose, to bring forth an orderly discussion of a single idea is sacrificed to the irrelevant ideal of the "spontaneous and unrehearsed." Dr. Charles Frankel is cogent, persuasive, at ease with his subject and his audience, but he has only half an hour to present and analyze his subject with the additional obligation to call on some of the forty intelligent, but discursive people in the studio with him. Starting from censorship, you come naturally to the eliminating of matter offensive to minorities—and then you begin talking about minorities and it is hard to get back to censorship again. Spontaneity is not an absolute good and in these discussions an orderly plan, arranged in advance, is essential.

IF "The World of Ideas" has too little time to explore byways, "Open End" has far too much. It sounds fine to say that the program will not be cut off arbitrarily, but will continue so long as the participants have anything interesting to say, but when you move the starting time back to 10 p.m., you are virtually committed to two hours of talk. Jack Gould, of *The New York Times,* has described what occurred when he and Sylvester Weaver, a former president of NBC, were the guests of David Susskind to talk about television:

"The three furies . . . chorused their miscellany of laments . . . The evening wore on and the studio atmosphere grew oppressive with the complex me-tooism. Even the announcer felt it politic to suggest that Channel 2 was next to 13." (The station, which is local, regularly reminds its listeners how easy it is to reach it by turning backward from the network Channel 2—instead of the huge effort of turning through all the other stations.)

On **"The Open Mind"** with three guests and half an hour, Richard Heffner generally manages to exhibit one facet of a subject, or two, and his only difficulty is the universal one of keeping his participants in balance. Mr. Heffner is not committed to the idea that only a fight can make conversation interesting—but when I was one of his guests, discussing this very subject, I did my best to stir up a little violence. As for the other new "talkies," I have already noted them in this space. GILBERT SELDES.

"Drama On A Big Scale!"
—ATKINSON, Times
HELEN HAYES
ERIC PORTMAN
KIM STANLEY
BETTY FIELD
in the
Eugene O'Neill
A TOUCH OF THE POET
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
MAIL ORDERS FILLED — Eves.: $7.50, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.
HELEN HAYES THEA., 210 W. 46 St. • CI 6-6380

Coming Next Week

in RECORDINGS

A Preview of

Berg's "Wozzeck"

by Irving Kolodin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Conscience Makes Valiants of Us All

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is America's "Public Friend, Number One." However, his popularity, which we now take for granted, was, in his own time, far from overwhelming, and the course of action that gained him the reputation of being our greatest president can still be argued.

For in **"The Rivalry,"** Norman Corwin's reconstruction of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, we experience the complexity of the situation. And we are startled to discover that now, one hundred years later, our country has progressed a pitifully small way towards providing the equality of opportunity that Lincoln regarded as vital to our way of life. Has that little bit of progress justified the Civil War, the lynchings, the riots, and the other disgraceful incidents which have attended it? From "The Rivalry" one gathers that Stephen Douglas, who was a great patriot at the same time as he was a rabid believer in the preservation of racial purity, saw better than Lincoln the turmoil that would come if the federal government dictated to the states in this matter. But Lincoln understood better than Douglas that a continuing assertion of the principles of human rights no matter where it led us was essential if this country were to prove to the world that man is worthy to be free.

Furthermore, "The Rivalry" stimulates us to think about a larger and more urgent issue than slavery. Can this humane democracy, which Lincoln felt was worth a civil war to maintain, coexist with conscienceless oligarchies? Will we topple with the weight of our errors and our selfishness? Or will countries in which the enlightened few dictate to the less enlightened many succumb to an inevitable demand for freedom from their own people?

Lincoln lost the debates and "The Rivalry" implies that his later election to the presidency over Douglas was something of an accident. The play also points out that Lincoln's election was aided by Douglas's own refusal to duck an issue. Perhaps in out-debating Lincoln he became partially converted to his opponent's kind of integrity.

In the course of this absorbing evening we begin to realize that Lincoln might very easily have remained a footnote in American History, instead of its major figure. Richard Boone's gentle and unostentatious performance suggests that what we regard as Lincoln's virtues are what in most men would be considered weaknesses: his stubborn insistence upon taking minority positions where he had no hope of winning; his long prelude of repeated failures; his telling of slightly improper stories on dignified social occasions; his awkward delivery; and above all his almost self-destructive lack of personal ambition for wealth and high office.

On the other hand, Douglas, finely played by Martin Gabel, has drive, astuteness, a political sense, and a strongly assured manner of speaking on the platform. But lacking Lincoln's natural humor, he takes himself a little too seriously and despite his public victories we see him on the way to a private crack-up. In Act I he takes an occasional nip from a tiny pocket flask. But by Act II he is taking steady slugs out of a quart bottle. It is as if the democratic way of life could not be opposed by a well-intentioned human being without repercussions of guilt. In this basic, human vulnerability lay Lincoln's and America's strength. Thus the most moving moment of "The Rivalry" comes when Lincoln challenges his listeners to tear the Bill of Rights out of the Constitution. Here Mr. Boone avoids the temptation to rise in oratorical splendor and allows a genuine grief to temper his words.

Another nice moment is supplied by Nancy Kelly, who, as Mrs. Douglas, tells us how happy she is for Mrs. Lincoln at the inaugural ball she herself had anticipated presiding at. Miss Kelly's femininity moistens a production, which, by its nature, runs the danger of becoming as dry as a history book.

That it does not is a tribute to the actors' refusal to become two-dimensional illustrations, and to Mr. Corwin's refusal to oversimplify in either his writing or his direction. While "The Rivalry" may not be a play in the smaller sense (i.e., a logical sequence of cause and effect building through complication and crisis into climax and resolution), it is one in the larger sense of revealing the human forces at work behind the accidents of truth. To my way of thinking "The Rivalry" is more of a play than "Sunrise at Campobello," or "J.B." It leaves us with a freshened awareness that the maintenance of a healthy democracy is an inherited responsibility that must both consume and enrich us.

IN HIS adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's **"An Enemy of the People,"** Arthur Miller stresses the brutal treatment a selfish town can visit upon a citizen who puts right ahead of the people's desire for continuing prosperity, even when they know that it is heading them for eventual disaster. Just as "The Rivalry" is topical so is this old play. If our best minds can gain the majority's support only through a painful experience that vindicates them too late, won't our country be destroyed before it can save itself?

The present revival of "An Enemy of the People" is presented at breakneck speed by Director Gene Frankel and an excellent cast. Oustanding are Henderson Forsythe as the self-righteously corrupt mayor and John Marley who contributes an amusing vaudeville as the eccentric father-in-law who abruptly tells the doctor to get rid of pollution by adding something to the water. "After all," he shrugs, "everything can be killed. That's science!"

While "An Enemy of the People" is never boring, its speed and explicit quality leave little margin for the human responses that would make this off-Broadway production more memorable and moving. It remains a vigorous polemic exercise that makes its points by demonstrating rather than exploring the truth.

LINDSAY and Crouse's **"Tall Story"** (based on Howard Nemerov's "The Homecoming Game") makes a lightweight, wide-spectrum assault on our risibilities. It has an eccentric young hero who figures basketball shots and every other almost-as-important decision by an application of scientific principle: a professor who has a fanatic compulsion to get himself in trouble by rigidly insisting upon the truth with a zeal directly proportionate to its impracticality; the professor's wife, who has resigned herself to all the ironies of trying to run a house and raise children on philosophic theory; another professor who has tough-minded attitudes but tender feelings; and some slightly satirical scenes that reveal how the sports tail is wagging the educational dog in our universities.

Under Herman Shumlin's precise direction, this thin and familiar material manages to hold our attention and frequently entertains us. Marc Connelly, Hans Conried, Marian Winters, and Robert Elston come off best in a cast that has an understandably hard time finding a suitable style for this piece of theatrical patchwork.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rysanek as "Lady" Macbeth—Pianists Three

IT IS the tragedy of Verdi's "Macbeth" not that Duncan, Banquo and sundry others (including sleep) are murdered, but that it is not all the product of the composer who revised it for a Paris production of 1865, eighteen years after he first undertook the subject. The present Metropolitan production wisely deletes the ballet music he was obliged to provide for "la grande boutique" (as well as less wisely restoring a death scene in act IV which Verdi himself discarded), but there is little that can be done about some of the non-eerie witch music, or the rather lilting chorus of the murderers in act III.

But there are many satisfactions in the score worth waiting for, robust ensembles with big broad tunes that lift one right along with them, the celebrated sleep-walking scene, and incidental utterances of considerable nobility for Banquo and "Macduffo" as well as Macbeth. Thus, the tantalizing temptation is to regard it as a neglected third to Verdi's two Shakespearian masterpieces, "Otello" and "Falstaff." But that was quite another man than the one who strove desperately to do this subject justice. At thirty-four, Verdi lacked not only sufficiently developed talents of his own, but also the indispensable ones of Arrigo Boïto, who contributed so much to the textual splendors of the later works.

Some of the contradictory nature of the opera itself was reflected in the production, which reunited Rudolf Bing with his old associate, Carl Ebert, as stage director, and in turn united Ebert with designer Caspar Neher, who had been his associate when "Macbeth" was given its second chance for favor in Berlin more than twenty-five years ago. Thus the problem was in practiced hands: but what they provided was in the nature of a revival of a revival, done in an ornate, scenically elaborate but theatrically archaic way that might have satisfied Berlin in the early '30s but stressed illustration rather than atmosphere. To say it was old fashioned would be updating it unduly: what the visiting English company did with its theatrical "Macbeth" recently entitles it to be called the Brand New, rather than the Old, Vic, by comparison. For a good many operas, the castle hall and staircase in act I, the bright banquet scene and the comfortable abode of the witches would serve reasonably well: but "Macbeth" is a bloody business not comprehended in the picturesque haunts provided by Neher.

Ebert's accomplished art was especially evident in the movement of masses, the expert manipulation of chorus crowds, the suggestive drawing together and drifting apart of the guests affrighted by Macbeth rather than by the ghosts he can see, but they can't. I couldn't grasp the purpose of the drop curtain depicting the murdered Duncan as the ensemble faced the audience for an oratorio climax to act I (despite the dramatic events in progress), and the visualization of the advancing "woods" was almost laughable. It was also hard to find credibility in Neher's prettified costuming for a work more concerned with dramatic conflict than with spectacle.

It was even harder to find theatrical credibility in the character portrayals of the principals, other than Jerome Hines who made a splendid Banquo in sight and sound (despite costuming that put him in some Scottish period verging on the Crimean War). How much effort Ebert applied to Leonard Warren's enactment of Macbeth is unknown to me, but it didn't upgrade the results appreciably. Inasmuch as Leonie Rysanek only arrived from abroad a week before the dress-rehearsal to take the part originally intended for Maria Callas, her period of preparation was minimal. She has of course, a history of performance elsewhere, but it was reflected in her sure vocalization rather than in the Acting.

It was vocal virtuosity, especially on the part of Miss Rysanek, which provided the substantial interests of this presentation. A meticulous as well as refined musician, she sings with head as well as throat, and a substantial participation of heart as well. The lower range of the voice is rather grey and undistinguished, but it grows in quality as it rises in range, with an upper octave that is free, ringing, and implacable in pitch (she showed off a resounding high D flat to climax the first act ensemble, though Verdi modestly asked for only the lower octave).

Her "La luce langue" was beautifully sung, as prelude to a version of the sleepwalking scene that absorbed the ear with its easeful execution, and was much better organized, dramatically, than the preceding action. Miss Rysanek made a handsome gesture toward the "thread of voice" which Verdi directed for this D flat (the high one, this time) but it was more a gasp than a tone. Doubtless she will have it under better control another time; let us hope also that she revises some ideas of dress and coiffure that made her more of a "Lady" Macbeth than this particular lady ought to be. Whatever refinements of dramatic art she lacks, Miss Rysanek is an excellent operatic soprano, whose other appearances will be awaited with interest.

Warren was a constant source of beautiful sound, of absorbed concentration on his task, and unsuccessful contention with the limitations of mobility put upon him by his working mechanism—the massive wind chamber from which he draws support for his opulent sound. As he works with the part, he should provide more character than he now does with sound alone, for there is every resource for it in the voice, whatever else he must yield to Nature. Carlo Bergonzi made an appealing MacDuff, though his singing of the beautiful "Ah, la paterna mano" would have snob as well as sob appeal if he would follow Verdi's directions in swells and decrescendos, rather than going exactly opposite to them. (William Olvis, a new member of the company, showed a promising style and good sounds as Malcolm.)

IN OTHER circumstances, one might put the blame for this indulgence on the conductor, but it was a considerable feat of adaptability for Erich Leinsdorf to hold the line as well as he did, considering the late date at which he replaced the ailing Dimitri Mitropoulos. But "Macbeth" is one of the most carefully plotted of the composer's scores, with an infinity of clear suggestions for effective performance. When Leinsdorf has the opportunity to make the necessary adjustments, he may be held to stricter accountability for the nuance and surge, the dramatic rise and fall that are presently flattened out in his methodical but essentially uneventful direction. This "Macbeth" will never be a convincingly Shakespearian experience, but it could, with small but necessary intensification, be a more notably Verdian one.

Incidental to the operatic week was a repetition of "Meistersinger" in which William Wilderman added a broadly sonorous, finely schooled vocalization of Pogner to his previous accomplishments of substance. In addition he showed a sense of character appropriate to the goldsmith among the Nürnberg guildsmen. The cast was otherwise identical to the one previously heard under the direction of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help means life itself . . .

Ninh Ngoc Ny, Vietnamese, age 6. Mother dead. Father works occasionally. Earns $10.00 per month. Child's 13 year old brother looks after house and younger children. Family fled Communists in north. First lived in refugee camp. Now live in Saigon. Situation desperate. Lack food, clothing, everything. No money for school fee. Child sad, distressed. Wants to be teacher when she grows up. Help to this child means life for whole family. Will keep family unit together. Help urgent.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea, and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City.

© 1959 FPP, Inc.

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK • FOUNDED 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Mary Pickford
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Dr. John Haynes Holmes
C. D. Jackson
Helen Hayes
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Edward R. Murrow
Bing Crosby
K. C. Gifford
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler
Charles R. Hook
Steve Allen
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. SR-2-21-59
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $.....
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Date.....Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

Karl Böhm, rather more settled in their tasks than before.

Two visiting orchestras gave concerts in Carnegie Hall devoted to a single composer in the period of last report, each offering an overture, a symphony, and a piano concerto. The regularity of the pattern extended to the placement of both soloists at the end with the case for Brahms pleaded by Eugene Ormandy, Louis Kentner, and the Philadelphia Orchestra, the arguments on behalf of Beethoven presented by George Szell, Clifford Curzon, and the Cleveland ensemble.

It might as well have been the other way around, though such a rearrangement would have deprived Szell's audience of his superbly prepared "Pastorale," an experience they clearly relished. For a time, one relished it along with them, for the infinite care expended by Szell on nuance and texture, the cultivation of a string sound beautifully suited to the design and pattern of the work. But at a certain moment of becalmed reflection came the thought: where is the poetry, the eloquence, the communication for which the composer put himself to all the trouble of writing this score? Clipped, muted, subdued, it was a demonstration of great competence, but no real comprehension. Curzon's playing of the "Emperor" had much of the same admirable objectivity, a real regard for the scrupulous and the apropos: but too little of the outgoing expressivity to make an emotional as well as an intellectual feat of his performance. In its own way, Szell's direction of the orchestral score could hardly be bettered, but it had little of the quality Beethoven himself characterized as "raptus."

The collaboration of Ormandy and Kentner was of a lesser sort, for Kentner's lightly fluent, airily easy figurations on the surface of Brahms's B flat concerto were not essentially suitable to the rich sound of the orchestra. He seemed, constantly, to be pecking away at it, rather than making the chips fly, as Gina Bachauer (no Backhaus) did in her recent performance with Barbirolli. Kentner merits respect at a time deficient in pianists of his assurance and finesse, but the needs of Brahms are beyond the realm of the merely respectable.

The Sunday evening concert of the Philharmonic in the series directed by Andre Kostelanetz brought with it a performance of the Rachmaninoff second concerto with Leonard Pennario, who hasn't been heard here since 1955, as soloist. Pennario's fluency and power are well-established, but this performance didn't add very much to what is known of his qualities as an interpreter. —IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jet Trails Around the Globe—3: Tamur's Territory

SAMARKAND.

THE lone stop on the byway from Moscow to New Delhi, which is flown both by the Russian Tupelov 104, a two-motored jet, and Air India's Constellations, is the strange metropolis of Tashkent, the capital of Soviet Uzbekistan, one of the fifteen republics of the USSR. It is the sixth largest city in the Soviet Union in population and because of its susceptibility to earthquakes, it has become, with its carpet of low buildings, second only to Moscow in municipal acreage. Sixty per cent of its population is Uzbek, a strange and colorful race that embraces Islam, or at least did before the arrival of the Soviet state, and which is descended from the Turkik strains of the Middle East. Uzbeks look like Turks as compared to their neighbors, the Kazakhs, who bear the slanted eyes and the high cheekbones of Mongolia.

Lest there be any other mix-up, the Uzbeks are almost never without their *tubetekas,* which are skullcaps—black with white embroidery for everyday, and fanciful creations of red velour strewn with beads and sequins for formal affairs. They drink soup out of giant bowls called *kasa* and green tea from a *piala,* which is a cup without a handle. Although I was never able to determine whether it was done by custom or for sanitary reasons, I never saw an Uzbek drink a cup of tea, nor was I ever handed one, unless some tea had first been swirled around the cup and then spilled out. Uzbeks eat Uzbek bread, which is a round loaf with a flat center and a swollen rim, and two loaves would have been sufficient ballast to keep the Kon Tiki on keel from Peru to Tahiti.

The Chinese knew Tashkent in the first and second centuries before Christ as Shih or Che Shih. It was invaded by Alexander the Great, by the Persians in the fifth century, the Arabs in the eighth century, the Turks in the ninth, and the Mongols under Genghis Khan in the eleventh. The tsars spilled over from the north in 1863, and alongside the ancient settlement with its adobe houses and its flat roofs, they built a new city along European lines. Now an overlay of Soviet influence has been stretched over the two, and despite the singular ways of the Uzbeks, Tashkent, in its new city sector, at least, has the aspects of a European city. The first sight to which the local interpreter took me was to the Park of the Railway Workers, which is renowned in some circles for its mass grave of the "soldiers, peasants and workers who fought against the *basmatchy,* a counter-revolutionary force." We drove past the Cultural Palace of Shoemakers, and the old residence of the tsarist governors, reputedly a hotbed of counter-revolutionary groups during the revolution. Now it is safe at last, a Pioneer Palace decorated with a plaster statue of Stalin as yet unpurged from its front lawn.

The newest of buildings is the Tashkent Hotel, a multistoried edifice facing a large open square anchored on the opposite end by the opera house. It is decorated with the curlicues of Uzbek architecture and topped with a roof of turquoise tile. Under the roof is a large terrace that perhaps one day will become a roof garden. The lobby inside is really a long corridor connecting the administrative office with the restaurant, a long route paved rather unevenly with rough marble, covered with a red straw runner, and bordered with plants whose pots are wrapped in bright green crepe paper with deckled edges. There is a television set on each floor but we had a private one in our room, as well as a radio equipped with a multitude of pushbuttons, dials, and the Magic Eye that RCA first put on its sets years ago. One channel came over the television set after much fiddling, and the radio could bring in anything from the English language programs broadcast daily by Radio Tashkent and the Voice of America beamed from its transmitter on Okinawa.

Yet with these modern accoutrements, I could swear the mattresses in the bedroom were stuffed with straw, the ceiling, less than four months old, was beginning to peel, and the bathroom with clumps of raw cement patched around the fixtures, tiles slopped over with cement drippings, and ragged masonry, looked as if it had been put together by a Sunday do-it-yourselfer on his first day out. It is a strange irony that the Russians who have conquered the cosmos are still having trouble with the trowel.

We ate our meals in the main dining room, a bare salon inhabited by Uzbeks still wearing their hats. A Russian orchestra with a formless girl singer in a vapid gray dress sang desultorily while the Uzbeks danced. Boys danced with girls, girls danced with girls, there was a case of two boys dancing together, and another of one lad dancing rather eccentrically alone. Across the floor an Uzbek boy romanced an Uzbek girl. From a rolling cart he had bought a box of chocolates for her. He had bought a bottle of Soviet champagne for himself, and as he drank he talked animatedly while she sat, her head inside her shoulders, contemplating the open candy.

Since our interpreter was ill, we were adopted in the dining room by our waitress, a plump Polish refugee

Samarkand's bazaar—caravan stop on old silk route and byway on jet route.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

named Nadya who coddled us and clucked over us and stuffed us with food like a doting grandmother. Her English was meager, but her smile was both ready and gilded. One night she slept over in the hotel just so she could give us breakfast the next morning, which was ordinarily her day off. A note in the hotel comment book was the best we could do for Nadya, and so I wrote of her solicitousness, her great sense of responsibility, and her constant cheerfulness, and had it translated into Russian. Nobody was ready to explain the value of praiseworthy comments in the comment book, but we were assured that any waitress who was the subject of too many complaints would shortly find herself washing dishes. When we were ready to leave at last Nadya appeared with a string of yellow beads. "From Poland," she said, and handed them to my wife. Then she looked at us for a long lingering moment and said, "I love you," and then she was gone.

Our pockets bulging with tangerines and rolls—"put in the *tasche*," Nadya had said—we left at last for the mysteries of Samarkand, a flight of some fifty-five minutes on an Ilyushin 14. Tashkent might be the showplace of Soviet development in Central Asia, but Samarkand, which the Uzbeks say has existed since time unknown, is a showplace of the seething color of Asia. Over the brown rolling hills come the Moslem women in white sheets, their faces covered with stiff black horsehair veils. The long legs of the Uzbeks dangle over the flanks of tiny gray donkeys. Here the well-dressed Uzbek man wears no shirt and tie with his *tubeteka*—he wears a quilted cloak of many colors with the sleeves made extra long so he won't need any gloves. The villagers who come down from the mountains for market days which fall three times a week cloak themselves in huge coats of raw sheepskin.

The bazaar is a maelstrom of incredible excitement and color with all these types shouldering each other through the narrow alleys, while the merchants exhort them from every side with a handful of live chickens, or a pile of winter radishes that look like green beets, or bouquets of *padrasak*, which is a flower with an edible berry inside. On a small stretch of mud flats the spice merchant has spread his many colored wares, the brightest of which is the green *nass*, a tobacco that is tucked in the cheek. The bazaar is a mass of bobbing turbans and flashing black mustaches and over it all the thin smoke that curls from the tea houses where the Uzbecks sit cross-legged on raised platforms, rather like tables, and nibble skewered meats and sip bitter green tea from handle-less cups.

PROBABLY it has all been like this since the days when Samarkand was Tamurlane's capital. Rising behind the bazaar is the bulk of the Bibikhanim Mosque, which was named for Tamurlane's eldest wife, a Chinese. One dreamy tale says that she built the mosque as a surprise for Tamurlane who was off at the time plundering India. Rushing to complete it before his return she ran athwart a romantic architect. The architect was in love with Bibikhanim, also known as Bibi-Hanum, and consequently was in no rush to finish the building. He finally agreed to speed his work if she would consent to a kiss. She offered him many other women, and to prove girls are all alike she gave her architect several eggs. Taste them, she said, and you will see they are all the same. Ah, but the wily Don Juan of the drawing board had an answer. He produced two cups, one with brandy the other with water. Taste the difference, he said. Bibi realized she was outwitted and she accepted. The architect kissed her so hard he left a mark. When Tamurlane returned from India, carrying a treasure on ninety camels he saw the building his doting wife had built for him, but he also saw the mark on her face. He chased the architect who climbed the minaret and disappeared into the sky. End of fairy tale. Other historians say it's all a tall tale. Bibi was seventy years old when Tamurlane returned from India, and besides it took his whole India fortune to pay for the buildings. They stand today, covered with Arabic inscriptions, tiled in bright blue and green and turquoise, and the wail of Uzbek melodies from the frenzy of the bazaar waft over the ancient walls as they have for centuries.

Tamurlane's wives and sisters and nephews and members of his court are buried in the Shakh-y-Zinda, which the Russians call an "architectural ensemble." It is a succession of mausoleums each of which opens off a passageway. They are covered with gorgeous tiles in yellow, lilac, and turquoise, and are visited by troupes of Uzbeks, whose women wear bright pink shawls and bangles on their feet. Most holy of all is the tomb of Hussam Ibn Abbas whose remains lie behind padlocked ivory doors at the end of the street, in the oldest building in Samarkand. Hussam was a relative of Mohammed, and indeed Mohammed himself said that Hussam was the kin who most resembled him. Now three visits to the tomb of Hussam are equal to one pilgrimage to Mecca. While all ages seem to visit the tomb of Hussam the five mosques in Samarkand and the sixteen in Tashkent seem only to attract the senior citizens.

Tamur was followed by Ulugbek, his grandson, and if the mighty empire which covered almost the same territory as the sphere of Soviet influence today began to dwindle, it did at least flourish for a time in science and the arts. The remains of Ulugbek's observatory have been uncovered. Here on a hilltop looking towards present-day Samarkand Ulugbek in the early 1400s discovered 1,018 stars. We know 1,032 today. Ulugbek's measurements of the astronomical year made in the fifteenth century are said to differ only by one minute and two seconds from the calculations made four centuries later.

Tamurlane and Ulugbek are buried in the beautiful tomb of Gur Emir, capped with a lovely bright blue-green cupola, which overlooks a sunny courtyard of many decorated arches. The tombs were opened in 1941 and of Tamurlane they found his beard, half his mustache and one eyebrow. Reconstructing the skeleton, it was proven that he was lame, had a stiff right arm frozen at the elbow. And true to history, Ulugbek's spinal column was severed at the neck, for he had been guillotined for progressive ideas.

FIRST mentioned in 329 BC, long known to the Greeks as Marakanda, serenaded in history by the Chinese, conquered by the Arabs in the eighth century, Samarkand was opened to western tourists only a few years ago. Of the few hundred tourists who came last year, better than a third were Americans, among them Eric Johnston and Adlai Stevenson. All of them stayed at the doddering Registan Hotel named for the ancient forum, the ruins of which still stand decorated now with Soviet slogans left over from the Tashkent Afro-Asia Writers Conference of last October. But a new era blooms and a handsome small hotel with terrace luxury apartments and every room with a bath is nearing completion. It will be ready for the spring and summer rush that is sure to come to the old home of Tamur the Lame, now just fifty-five minutes off the jet route from America to India.

—HORACE SUTTON.

EUROPE
We'll see the usual, plus Africa to Sweden; Dublin to past the Iron Curtain. A different trip—for the young in spirit who want to be accompanied but not herded around. Also shorter trips. $685-$1340.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box B — Pasadena, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man's Response to God Throughout the Centuries

By ROSCOE T. FOUST, *Director, Department of Special Services, Seamen's Church Institute of New York.*

THE author of St. John's Gospel prophesied with clairvoyant wisdom when he brought his gospel to an end that it was to be the beginning for countless Christian writers after him. "There are," he wrote, "many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." (John 21:25.) He might, of course, have meant merely to say that he felt inadequate to do full justice to his subject, or to explain why he felt it necessary to pick and choose from the wealth of available material that which best suited his theme and purpose, thus to forestall and disarm the critics who might protest that his was a work of "special pleading" and heavy editorializing. It does not matter, for those of us who regularly scan the almost endless list of "religious" books constantly pouring from the press, and forever failing to keep abreast of them, are convinced that St. John spoke the sober truth—and that the world is indeed about to overflow from the deluge of books already written or soon to be, about the Christian religion.

In addition to new volumes of solid scholarship in theology and history whose most likely destiny is the seminary classroom and library, each new list that appears inevitably covers much old ground already trodden hard by much traffic, as well as many books whose authors can scarcely expect to do more than bolster up the wavering prejudices of those who seek to maintain a narrowly sectarian position in a shrinking world. Nevertheless there are always to be found several titles of unusual significance and importance to the general reader. A few of these just published or about to be published seem to me to deserve the attention and endorsement they now receive.

As I see it, there are currently six books from as many different publishers that demand our attention. Their common subject is man himself, and each in only slightly different ways is concerned with the full, abundant, and healthy life as human be-

ings which God must will for every man. **"The Ministry of Healing,"** by John Large (Morehouse-Gorham, $3), calls attention once again, and most vigorously, to the proper interrelationships between a man's faith and his essential well-being, physical and spiritual. As forcefully as his well-chosen words permit, Dr. Large sets out to rescue "spiritual healing" from the bad company it so often keeps in the minds of many. "It is not," he says, "a black-magic hangover from the Middle Ages, nor a timid stepchild of psychiatry." Still less is it "a back-door way of bargaining with God, whereby, in exchange for a few muttered prayers, your ulcer, or arthritis, or migraine headache is banished forever. . . . It is simply an ancient, Biblical, and classic way of reopening, realigning, or otherwise reactivating the throughway of the soul between man and his Creator." That this highway eventually leads a man through death only validates the argument, for, though all men must die, they don't have to die sick—not sick in mind or heart. Dr. Large is an Episcopal clergyman who has had a wide first-hand experience in these matters, and he makes it clear that it is the deep healing within the spirit that means most; whatever else is necessary God will add in measureless measure.

"Discovering Love," by Lance Webb (Abingdon, $3), spells out the nature of the healing love which is the basic ingredient of "The Ministry of Healing." We all know by now that we either love or perish, but to yearn for love or to will to love is not enough. What is this thing called love, both human and divine? Dr. Webb believes we are in difficulty because we confuse two kinds of love: the giving-love, which heals, inspires and exalts our human relationships, and never fails, and the desiring-love, which may hurt and devour them, thus always failing. It all begins with man's response to the steadfast love of God for his children. When a man accepts that, he may love himself and therefore others. The author quotes to good effect the story of the society woman who wrote to a prominent social worker in New York, offering her services in his crusade to help the poor children of New York. She described her imperfections at length but concluded with the hope that her zeal for the cause would make up for her shortcomings. The social worker wrote this brief reply: "Dear Madam: Your truly magnificent shortcomings are at present too great. Nothing could prevent you from visiting them on victims of your humility. I advise that you love yourself more before you squander any love on others." Through such light-giving windows as this apt illustration Dr. Webb leads his readers to see what it is really like truly to love, and to be loved.

IF NEXT we turn to **"The Creative Years,"** by Reuel L. Howe (Seabury, $3.50), we will be asked to focus our attention on man's middle years, an area which psychologists tend to neglect in their preoccupation with childhood, adolescence, and old age. Yet these very years are the heart of every man's life, and they are constantly threatened by the twin impostors, success and failure, both of which demand a better understanding if man is to move toward "a maturity that transcends the need for security." Whatever the crisis a man may have to face—in his married life, his family, his business, in a world which he knows will one day make an end of his physical life—Dr. Howe succeeds in making his own convictions plain: the answer to most of man's deepest needs come from God through each other.

> I have tried [he says] to spell out specifically the meaning of the personal as experienced in the common relationships of life. We take our daily encounters with each other too much for granted and rush away from each other

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a vain attempt to find elsewhere that which we want most deeply and which can be found only through each other.

The best curriculum for the lessons of life is life itself, and Dr. Howe, through the answers he supplies to the anxious questions of one Dick Foster, tells us all again what love can do, so that the frustration that alienates us is transformed into a communication that may unite us. It is good news that Dr. Howe now shares his rich experience with pastors of all denominations as director of the Institute for Advanced Pastoral Studies at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, but this book is chiefly for lay reading. There's not an obscure word or dull page in it, and the reader's identification with Dick Foster in his search for meaning in his life is swift and sure.

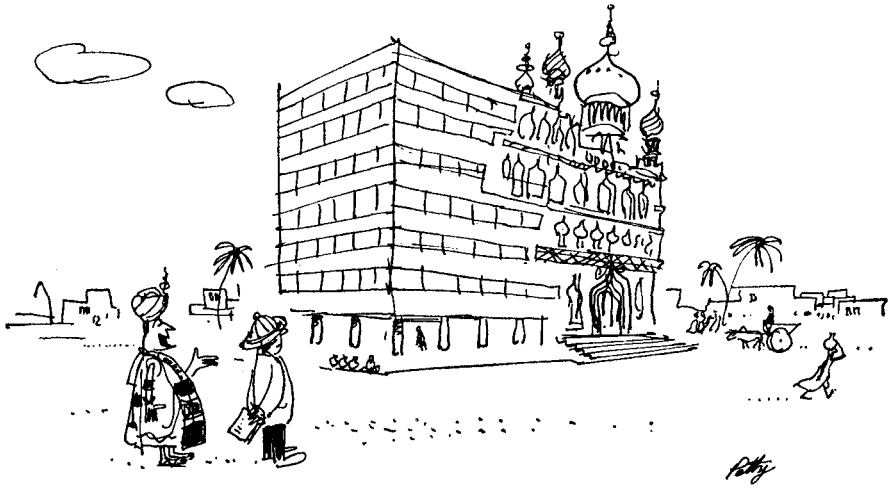
Another book, which will be available March 11, is George Christian Anderson's **"Man's Right to Be Human"** (Morrow, $3.50). "To Have Emotions Without Fear" is Mr. Anderson's subtitle, and making full use of modern psychiatric knowledge, well-wed to his original religious training, he proceeds to consider in a forthright way both the help and the harm that religion and psychiatry may give to man in his struggle to be human. He speaks in large measure from his own experience, illustrating the ways in which organized religion so often succeeds in contributing to man's guilts and anxieties with its threat of God who tortures man with the constant reminder that his sins, known and unknown, will find him out. He is just as insistent that no psychoanalyst can ever be a substitute for God, nor his couch take the place of the church, synagogue, altar, or confessional. Man's paramount needs are spiritual, and only God, greatly believed in and utterly trusted, can meet this need. But modern psychiatry can unmask the bigotry, fanaticism, and infantilism that so often are the enemy of spiritual maturity. With increasing mutual respect and understanding, religion and psychiatry may help each other and free a man to accept and acknowledge his human feelings without fear. Mr. Anderson, who is now director of the Academy of Religion and Mental Health in Philadelphia, disowns any right to speak either as a theologian or a psychiatrist, and the claims of orthodoxy to the right or left leave him largely unimpressed, but if the answers he suggests neither please nor satisfy those in either camp, the reader will have the strong conviction that Anderson has asked the right questions, and that man's right to be human has in him a strong champion.

IF Mr. Anderson feels that he is more of an organizer and promoter than theologian or psychiatrist, he need not seek far for an ally who makes up the lack. Surely, in the field of theology, where his authority has long been recognized, but also, as becomes quickly apparent, in the area of modern psychological sciences, Bishop Stephen Neill of South India speaks with enlightened persuasion. Bishop Neill, too, is deeply concerned with **"A Genuinely Human Existence"** for man, and this becomes the title of his book (Doubleday, $4.50). Here, though, we have a study in depth which looks at man not only existentially in the cares (and triumphs) that daily beset him, but also as he stands revealed in history, myth, and philosophy. With rich resourcefulness he aids man's search for "a standard of human nature in full, free development in every aspect of its being; active, not static, and in full human maturity." He sees genuine human nature at its brightest and best in Jesus of Nazareth, and his study of Jesus as perfectly human, and with whom a man may become personally acquainted, is as moving and challenging as any writing on this subject to be found today. "In Him for the first time the full stature and reality of human nature was made manifest, and therefore He can serve as a criterion for the measurement of the normal and the abnormal, the sound and the unsound in human nature as we see it and as we experience it in ourselves."

HERE modern psychiatric principles receive an honest and appreciative appraisal as Bishop Neill explains the emotional dynamics behind human behavior, and shows how the Christian doctrine of forgiveness and grace completes the measure and meaning of modern man.

What is happening here? Why this increasing emphasis on the things which religion and psychiatry have in common, the ways in which they supplement each other in their common effort to help man in his dogged and often desperate struggle to become fully human? Leonard Gross has asked the same questions, and seeks to give the answers in **"God and Freud"** (David McKay, $3.95). Religion looks anew at love and sin, he writes, and, with a good journalist's eye and ear for the dramatic phrase and striking word, he tells the story of how fear and hostility toward the new sciences of human behavior born with Freud's theory of the unconscious, with its emphasis on sexuality and hidden drives, have given way to a realization that psychiatry has given fresh meaning to the church's concepts of love, forgiveness, acceptance, and understanding. The people and the movements within the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths (embracing clergy and psychiatrists) which are so largely responsible for the transformation are passed in review with warm applause. Distinctions are drawn between sin and symptom, and love—especially for the unlovable—emerges as the true human counterpart of the divine love which seeks to save the least, the lost, and the last of mankind. It makes exciting reading, for it is good to know that at the level of a new and awakened awareness of human need and the possibilities of human glory there is a spirit of reconciliation and healing brooding over the troubled minds and hearts of men seeking to restore their tarnished image as sons of God, for whom, St. John first wrote, the Word was made flesh.

These are but a few of the many books yet to be written about the love of man responding to the eternal love of God.



"Actually, we had a bit of trouble raising overseas capital."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Timeless Spirit and Counsel of the Saints

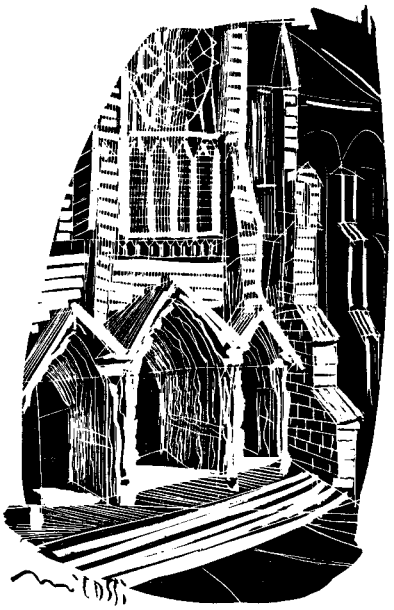
By ANN F. WOLFE

OF THE MANY excellent religious books that roll off our presses today, none, surely, are more valid for our time than the lives of saints. Modern man, driven by an Augustinian restlessness, can find refreshment and counsel in men like himself who have achieved holiness through supernatural grace. Among such venerated men the founders of the great religious orders loom large. In them, Walter Nigg points out, "the fundamental and timeless virtues of the primitive Church find their purest expression." It is to their spirit that we must return if our civilization is to be regenerated—or saved.

In **"Warriors of God: The Great Religious Orders and Their Founders"** (Knopf, $6.95) Walter Nigg, a scholarly Swiss minister, brings to vivid life St. Anthony, St. Pachomius, St. Basil, St. Augustine, St. Benedict, St. Bruno, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Teresa, and St. Ignatius. Except in endowment of grace, no two are exactly alike either in temperament or human approach to the divine. They constitute a fascinating gallery of individualists: brilliant Augustine with his lust for the flesh and stronger lust for the truth; gentle Francis, whose shining joy "again, for a time, preserve the childhood of Europe"; gay, feminine Teresa, reformer and mystical writer, who restored Carmel to its strict and noble origins.

These, as the hagiographer presents them, are no misty figures of legend and neurotic fancy, but historical personages clothed in authenticity and freshly viewed from the perspective of our day. We follow each one through the drama of his life and observe the events that led to the founding of his order. From the third-century hermit, Anthony, who introduced into monasticism the asceticism that threads its history, we companion these heroic visionaries until we come to the zealous sixteenth-century soldier Ignatius, who met the need for a new non-monastic kind of order. The distinctive character of Cenobites, Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, and their confrères are discussed in this handsome and eloquent book.

In his chapter on Teresa and the Carmelites, Dr. Nigg dwells at length



on her friend and fellow reformer, St. John of the Cross. Happily, this ardent little Spanish mystic has a devoted following among moderns. Men today experience his dark night of the soul and find their striving exhaustively voiced in the soaring lyricism of his religious poetry. In **"The Life of St. John of the Cross"** (Harper, $6), the late Carmelite theologian, Crisógono de Jesús, we examine the soil, physical and spiritual, whence the poetry sprang. Lover of God, of Our Lady, of souls, and of silence, this ascetic visionary knew poverty, sickness, and persecution. Imprisoned by fellow monks, he, according to Teresa, would have been better off with the Moors. Yet his preaching and his Carmelite reforms had a cleansing, constructive influence, and for all time he made Carmel synonymous with the indwelling grace that attends penance and prayer.

In 1897 a spiritual daughter of St. John died of tuberculosis in France. She was an humble, twenty-four-year-old Carmelite nun called Thérèse of the Child Jesus. Her autobiographical "The Story of a Soul" was promptly acclaimed (it still is) all over the world. She is beloved not only as a miracle worker but as patron saint to the common man. Right after her death, long before Rome took official steps, she was canonized in the hearts of the people. "Yes, of course," French soldiers would explain, "we have Joan of Lorraine. But the little one is closer to us."

Ida F. Goerres, author of a number of religious books, was troubled by the image of uncomplicated bourgeois piety that emerged from the pages of "The Story of a Soul." With thorough scholarship and sharp intuitions, she explores the life of the young nun in her book **"The Hidden Face"** (Pantheon, $4.95). In her childhood, true,

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MALADY

Here, chosen by Martha H. Freedman of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, are the names of a cluster of fictional heroines who are dead-on-arrival at the end of the story (or poem, or play). Please correlate the victims with their fatal ailments. Diagnoses confirmed on page 52.

1. Daisy Miller	( ) Heart attack
2. Hedda Gabler	( ) Suicide by arsenic
3. Beth March	( ) Malaria
4. Margaret Brandt	( ) Childbirth
5. Emma Bovary	( ) Murdered
6. Rebecca de Winter	( ) Suicide by gunshot
7. Catherine Earnshaw Linton	( ) Heartbreak
8. Esther Summerson	( ) The plague
9. Anna Karenina	( ) Suicide beneath train
10. Annabel Lee	( ) Chill
11. Catherine Barkley	( ) Scarlet fever
12. Marguerite Gauthier	( ) Suicide by dagger
13. Juliet Capulet	( ) Tuberculosis
14. Tessa Sanger	( ) Smallpox

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thérèse enjoyed a state of original perfection. But the flow of grace was soon dammed. There were obstacles of many kinds, sickness, psychological problems, personality clashes, especially in the convent. Her popular "little way"—not the doing of great things greatly but of small things extraordinarily well—was not the result of a child's limited piety. It was the result of supreme self-control. Thérèse, who advocated the way rather than the deed, is a mature exemplar of sanctity.

In our era, it is safe to say, no one has done more than Thomas Merton to unveil for the world the spirit of the Trappist contemplative. His "Seven Storey Mountain" has become a classic, and most of his meditative works are widely read. While **"The Secular Journal of Thomas Merton"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) is largely incorporated in "Seven Storey Mountain," it is of interest and value as the raw material of sanctity. The book is the diary of a young man in search of his identity, a recent convert to Catholicism, a voyager to the threshold of a Cistercian monastery. Kept from 1939 to 1941, its entries record the simple events of his life, his thoughts, his comments on Joyce, Augustine, Dylan Thomas, Aquinas, the Second World War. For background the diarist has Greenwich Village, Cuba, St. Bonaventure College, the Harlem interracial center called Friendship House. In this chronicle a lonely spirit gropes its uncharted way to fulfillment. Or was it uncharted?

A very different road to fulfillment is traveled in **"James Gillis, Paulist"** (Hanover House, $3.95). Father Gillis, who died in 1957, was best known for his sermons, his broadcasts on the Catholic Hour, his popular column, "Sursum Corda," and his long editorship of *The Catholic World*. True son of that impetuous Paul who became apostle to the Gentiles, the studious, witty, and prayerful Bostonian found his apostolate among America's non-Catholics. He was a pioneer in crusading for interracial justice. His brother Paulist, James F. Finley, has written no mere eulogy, but the colorful story of a dedicated man of God, impatient with his own human failings, tormented by personal problems, and afflicted by pain. He well knew the dark night of the soul, and he gave an admirable account of his stewardship.

Sister Madaleva, too, is no contemplative, but an activist, and a versatile one. As Chaucer scholar and medievalist, prize-winning poet of spiritual love, educational trailblazer, and president of St. Mary's College at South Bend, she has been accorded an honored place in the cultural life of this country and Europe. Born of German ancestry in semipioneer Wisconsin, she had a joyous childhood playing and dreaming in her father's harness shop. Yet, despite a carefree year at the University of Wisconsin, she felt "an immense and clamorous hunger" of soul and transferred to the newly opened St. Mary's College; eventually she entered the order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who ran it. **"My First Seventy Years"** (Macmillan, $3.50) is a veritable canticle of happiness; its author rejoices to be in the world, but not of it. One of its most delightful features is the glimpse we get of Sister Madaleva's friends—Joyce Kilmer, John Livingston Lowes, Edith Wharton, C. S. Lewis, Wilfred Meynell, William Butler Yeats.

Another of Sister Madaleva's good friends is Sir Arnold Lunn, English man of letters and veteran convert to Catholicism. His newest book, **"And Yet So New"** (Sheed & Ward, $3.75), may well be considered alongside **"Why I Am a Catholic"** (Thomas Nelson, $2.75), written by a fellow convert. The author, Paul van Kuykendall Thomson, is a former Episcopal clergyman who, after wartime service as chaplain of Marines in the Pacific, took the well-trod path to Rome. His volume is less the story of his conversion than a discussion of the character, history, and role of the Catholic Church. Sir Arnold's, on the other hand, is a collection of essays, graceful, witty, anecdotal, and personal. He talks about Ronald Knox, Hilaire Belloc, the Spanish Civil War, the Curé d'Ars, Jacques Maritain. About the latter he and Dr. Thomson differ, but they agree on Catholicism and, in their distinctive ways, brightly illuminate many of its facets.

They might agree, too, on the content of **"The Church, the Layman and the Modern World"** (Macmillan, $2.50). The lay movement, as revived in this century, is good, George H. Tavard admits, but not good enough. Catholic Action should be geared to our technological culture, and, in mapping a program for relations with non-Catholics, Father Tavard quotes from John Wesley's "Letter to a Roman Catholic." "If we cannot as yet think alike in all things," Wesley admonishes, "at least we can love alike."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 818

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 818 will be found in the next issue.

SQT HFQ HAD DB AFQMQF

H AFBKAQFBGK QFFBF DB

HT HMMPRODQX DFGDW.

—DHVPBF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 817

Take care not to step on the foot of a learned idiot. His bite is incurable.

—Paul Gauguin.

Pick of the Paperbacks

MAINSPRINGS OF CIVILIZATION. *By Ellsworth Huntington. Mentor.* 75¢. The course of history is interpreted in terms of three "mainsprings": biological inheritance, physical environment, and cultural endowment. Maps and charts are used to illustrate how everything from religion to crime rates are affected by this potent trio.

GREAT RUSSIAN STORIES. *Selected by Isai Kamen. Modern Library.* $1.25. Although most of the stories are familiar —Chekhov's "Gooseberries," Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich"—this is a dependable collection of classic tales by ten writers from Pushkin to Ivan Bunin.

MONTAIGNE: ESSAYS. *Translated by J. M. Cohen. Penguin.* 95¢. Montaigne's own cool objectivity about himself and his world is evident in each of these classic essays. The new translation is thoroughly pleasurable and Mr. Cohen's brief introduction to Montaigne's life and works is commendable.

THE LAND OF THE GREAT IMAGE. *By Maurice Collis. New Directions.* $1.45. A noted British world traveler and literary critic tells the story of the seventeenth-century kingdom of Arakan and of Manrique, a Portuguese Augustinian friar, who visited there and learned of that land in which religion and decadence reigned side by side.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Talmud: A Dynamic Tradition of Self-Study

By GABRIEL B. SCHONFELD,
Educational Director, Beth El Synagogue Schools, New Rochelle, N. Y.

JUDAISM is a dynamic religion whose very nature demands constant restudy. Its all-pervasive character, relating to almost every phase of life, requires that it be examined and re-examined by each generation of Jews so that in a changing world its inner truths not be violated and its message be kept alive and meaningful.

Interestingly enough, the question "what is a good Jew?" was never raised in the Bible or in rabbinic literature. The concern was rather with what is "a good man." The definition of the good man which evolved and developed over a thousand years of intellectual, cultural, and spiritual activity is compressed into the massive Talmud. The tradition of study and intellectual inquiry within the framework of this collection of sixty-six tracts is woven into the essence of Jewish life. The Talmud's ceaseless preoccupation with every aspect of life as it is truly lived from day to day has kept the Jew alive, vibrant, and inquisitive. Thus, the tradition of self-study has played a decisive role in Jewish survival.

The tradition has never been abandoned. A glance at the current book list reveals that it is flourishing in full force and still giving fresh meaning to basic concepts.

Few books have been written in English about the Talmud, which is in sharp contrast to the vast number to be found in Hebrew. The English ones that have been published in the last decade, for instance, are mainly technical and do not hold the attention of the average person, since the fine reasoning which abounds in the Talmud does not lend itself to casual reading. Some ten years ago there was published an excellent book on the subject, **"Everyman's Talmud,"** by the Reverend Dr. A. Cohen (Dutton, $5), which presented a comprehensive summary of the Talmud and its teachings on ethics, folklore, and jurisprudence. In 1955 the Jewish Publication Society of America brought out a fine collection of essays by the late Dr. Louis Ginzberg, perhaps one of the greatest Talmudic scholars of this century, under the title **"On Jewish Law and Lore"** ($4). Of particular interest are two essays which focused his great erudition on rabbinic literature. These were "An Introduction to the Palestinian Talmud" and "The Significance of the Halachah for Jewish History."

However, as illuminating and penetrating as were these books on this highly complex subject, they presupposed a somewhat more than passing acquaintance with it. What has been lacking was a clear and concise introduction which would present the subject to the uninitiated, and at the same time whet their appetite for further inquiry. This void has at long last been filled by Rabbi Morris Adler, whose book, **"The World of the Talmud"** (B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, $1.75), provides a lucid glance at the Talmud. It is designed for college students but can certainly be of value to many adult American Jews who "live with a vague awareness of their Jewishness." Rabbi Adler dispels the notion that the scope of the Talmud is sectarian and narrow by pointing out that the Talmudic rabbis

> were concerned with the preservation and transmission of a body of teaching that centered its interest upon the meaning of life, the dignity of man, the determination of right and wrong, ethical relationships between men, the social good and the inner life of the individual. These are obviously not parochial problems.

This is an unusual little tract recommended for anyone interested in a brief but clear glimpse at a monumental subject.

For those interested in the original, there is now a rare opportunity to acquire a volume of the famous Soncino translation of the Talmud. One of the most important tractates, **"Baba Kamma"** (Bloch, $4), has been made available in this country in a Student's Edition. It is printed from the original plates, and for the first time can be purchased singly.

Because a firsthand acquaintance with the Talmud is not common, Professor Meyer Waxman's **"Judaism: Religion and Ethics"** (Thomas Yoseloff, $5) is a valuable handbook, intended to introduce the intelligent layman to the basic concepts and practices of Judaism. Professor Waxman, in the manner which has distinguished him as one of our outstanding Jewish scholars, has wisely made no attempt to differentiate between denominational points of view that might tend to divert the reader from the fundamental principles which underly Judaism.

THERE has been an unfortunate tendency, especially in recent years, to publish popular handbooks on Judaism that reduce the subject far below its intrinsic depth, a kind of "Judaism Made Easy," which is insulting to the reader and misleading in its intent. Judaism is not easy. No serious way of life is. Refreshingly, Professor Waxman's book does not

(*Continued on page* 51)

Criminal Record

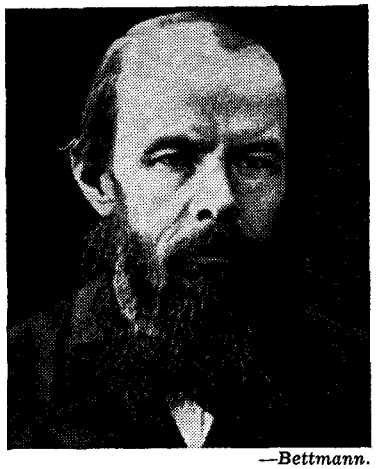
LIMEY. *By James Spenser and H. Kingsley Long. Taplinger.* $3.50. Subtitled "An Englishman Joins the Gangs," this is a first-person documentary account of a Dartmoor graduate's initiation into Prohibition lawlessness; takes in New York, St. Louis, West Coast; good data on minor economics of payoffs, price per job, etc. Good performance.

THREE DETECTIVE NOVELS. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper.* $3.95. "The Arabian Nights Murder" (1936), "The Burning Court" (1937), and "The Problem of the Wire Cage" (1939) make up this attractively packaged reissue; Gideon Fell stars in the first and third (where locale is British; second yarn has Philadelphia setting).

DEAD OF SUMMER. *By Josephine Gill. Crime Club.* $2.95. Upstate New York judge's demise is followed by gun killing; third death (was it suicide?) gives local and state police fresh puzzle. Characters authentic and not too numerous, pace satisfactory.

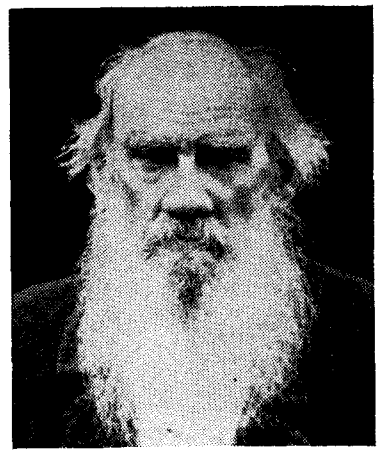
TRAIL OF A TRAMP. *By Nick Quarry. Gold Medal.* 25¢. Jake Barrow, Manhattan shamus (trench coat, .357 Magnum), takes on woman hunt that includes New Jersey, Connecticut; seven die (unless we miscounted). Holds up. —SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—Bettmann.

Dostoevsky—"Seer of the spirit."



Tolstoy—"Seer of the flesh."

The Peace and the War of Life

"Tolstoy or Dostoevsky," by George Steiner *(Knopf. 354 pp. $5.75), is a philosophic inquiry into the ideas of two of Russia's greatest and most complex writers. Marc Slonim is the author of "Epic of Russian Literature," "Three Loves of Dostoevsky," and other Slavic studies.*

By Marc Slonim

THIS remarkable and often brilliant work offers the general reader a far wider intellectual and artistic compass than its title might suggest. It is not only a comparison between the two Russian giants but also an illuminating exploration of literary forms and a discourse about differences in American, European, and Russian novels. Its apparently modest but actually challenging subtitle, "An Essay in the Old Criticism," fulfills its promise.

In Mr. Steiner's case the term "old" should not be mistaken for "old-fashioned." A young scholar with an amazing diversity of interests, widely read in both the classics and the moderns, he is certainly closer to R. P. Blackmur, Edmund Wilson, or F. R. Leavis than to Matthew Arnold and Henry James. Yet he knows that neither the "new criticism," with its minute but often inconclusive and boring analysis of the text and its preference for the poetic over the prosaic form, nor the farfetched, nonliterary, and frequently gratuitous Freudian-biographical dissections are successful when applied to multi-level works of fiction. Mr. Steiner is right in stating that both schools are "out of tune with the governing qualities of Tolstoyan and Dostoevskyan novels." In order to understand the poetics and the mythology of "War and Peace" or of "The Brothers Karamazov," Mr. Steiner feels the necessity of turning to what he calls "old criticism" as personified by an Arnold, a Sainte-Beuve, or a Bradley. Basically this kind of criticism is related to the comparative method, which "thinks of literature as existing not in isolation but as central to the play of historical and political energies . . . and is philosophic in range and temper." This means that the author is searching for a comprehensive analysis of poetic forms, intellectual and esthetic currents, and he quotes Sartre who said that the technique of a novel always refers us back to the metaphysic of the novelist.

It is true, however, that Mr. Steiner is much more successful in strictly esthetic speculations than in his endeavors to describe a cultural and national environment. For instance, in taking up Henry James's parallel between America and Europe, he claims that the United States and the Empire of the Czar were both lacking in the main characteristics of European society and therefore were similar in their cultural and literary setup. In reality, however, Russia of the nineteenth century possessed precisely those elements—sovereign, court, army, church, aristocracy, country gentlemen, palaces, manors—that James saw as missing in America and present in Europe. Besides, the "westernization" of Russia was an important process and it did place its imprint on the whole body of Russian fiction.

The most valuable part of Mr. Steiner's work is that devoted to the opposition of Tolstoy's epic mode to Dostoevsky's dramatic form. He brings forth a vast body of evidence to prove that their style, their attitudes towards life, and their philosophies were determined by these basic distinctions.

Tolstoy was attracted by and delighted in the world of nature and things, in the temporal and spatial manifestations of being. The mere act of living was for him a source of perpetual wonder and a challenge to artistic representation. The massive work of this pagan, steeped in the reality of the senses, his sober vision of man, the serenity of his narrative can be compared only with "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey." "No one in the Western tradition is more akin to Homer than is Tolstoy," claims Mr. Steiner, and he uses ample quotations and ingenious analysis to substantiate his thesis. For Dostoevsky life appeared not as a natural flow but as a clash of opposites, a conflict of warring ideas and temperaments, an embodiment of ambivalence and tension —and this explains the Shakespearean dramatic qualities of this tormented genius. Where Tolstoy saw a clear and rational design, the will of God, and a potential triumph of Good, Dostoevsky found the utter confusion of passions and the maddening whims of free will. Therefore Tolstoy's psychological realism, as transparent as cold spring water, to use the biased remark of Stefan Zweig, is so antithetic to the narcotic philters and subtle poisons of Dostoevsky's Romantic dreams.

Since 1902, when Dimitry Merezhkovsky, himself a novelist and a religious thinker, published his "Tolstoy as Man and Artist with an Essay on Dostoevsky," and defined the one as the "seer of the flesh" and the other as the "seer of the spirit," such generalizations have been often repeated in various guises by a host of critics. Some of them referred not only to the Aristotelian definition of epos and drama, but to the more subtle distinction Hegel made between "the totality of objects" in the epic and the "totality of action" in the drama. The merit of Mr. Steiner lies not so much in the originality of his comparison as in the validity of his argumentation and in the sharp critical analysis of various scenes from the novels.

He is particularly convincing in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawing a line between Dostoevsky's tragic sense of life and the apparently melodramatic exaggerations he uses in his plots. He links Dostoevsky's work to the Gothic tradition, establishing, for example, the connection between him and Mrs. Radcliffe (whose "Mysteries of Udolpho" is mentioned in "The Brothers Karamazov"). Mr. Steiner does not know Russian, and he makes literary digressions into European literature of the eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries without having had access to the vast research in this field done in the USSR by Russian scholars in the decades of the Twenties and Thirties. Had he read their numerous and well-documented treatises on the subject he would have probably allotted a much larger place to the influence exerted on Dostoevsky by the French Romantics (including such secondary writers as Frédéric Soulié).

The least satisfactory chapter of Mr. Steiner's book deals with the religious credos of the two writers. In these pages, overburdened with quotations and references (the main defect of the whole work), Mr. Steiner looks so hard for hidden connections and symbolic meanings that he almost misses the obvious ones. This makes him ignore the role played by Rousseau in the formation of Tolstoy's ideas. Anti-Romantic, antimetaphysical, and antimystical, Tolstoy believed—together with Rousseau—in the goodness of man, in the perfectibility of human nature and society. His teaching was essentially that of a theistic moralist with a hostility towards civilization, accompanied by social and revolutionary outbursts.

Dostoevsky, the Romantic, attracted by Greek Orthodox Christianity, believed in original sin and the force of evil. He was convinced of the corruption of man and was haunted by themes of crime and transgression. Tolstoy searched for the good and just life; Dostoevsky searched for God and the mystery of the universe beyond the world of reason and the senses.

Although Mr. Steiner is aware of these differences, he dilutes them in long dissertations or in critical fancy such as his completely unconvincing attempt at interpreting the "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor" in "The Brothers Karamazov" as a sort of dispute between Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

These partial shortcomings do not diminish, however, the total value of Mr. Steiner's treatise: it remains one of the most interesting works on Russian writers to appear in English in recent years.

Visionary in the Round

"D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography, Vol. III, 1925-1930," by Edward Nehls *(University of Wisconsin Press. 767 pp. $7.50), is the last part of a biographical pastiche of one of the most controversial modern writers. Harry T. Moore of Southern Illinois University, editor of a forthcoming collection of critical essays on Lawrence, is also preparing an edition of his collected letters.*

By Harry T. Moore

TEMPERAMENTALLY, Lawrence veered between the magnetic poles of a sweetly gentle Gandhi and of a stamping and screaming child. Artistically, his probing of the modern agony, and the poetic intensity with which he probed, have at last brought him recognition as one of the important writers of our century—to some critics, the most important. Mr. Nehls's "composite biography" accents the life rather than the work, but its very thoroughness serves to re-emphasize their close relationship.

His method is a stitching together of both "good" and "bad" reminiscences about Lawrence and of autobiographical statements by the man himself. But as Richard Aldington points out in an illuminating introduction to the third and last of these volumes, Mr. Nehls has unfortunately been compelled by space limitations to reduce somewhat the printed evidence of the memoirs and of quotations from Lawrence's letters. Mr. Nehls has, however, salvaged many unpublished Lawrence letters, and he has prompted various friends of the man to provide reminiscences of him which otherwise might not have been written.

Moreover, as Mr. Aldington further indicates, praise for Mr. Nehls's genial scholar-adventuring should be balanced with some for the publishers, who, even though they couldn't go to the extreme of completeness, heroically undertook to bring forth three massive, helpfully illustrated volumes of the Lawrence experience—in modern literary biography indeed a monumental achievement.

The years 1925-1930, which are dealt with in this final instalment, present a somewhat more placid Lawrence, a man gamely outliving his doctor's estimates. By this time the exasperations of the First World War and of the Bloomsbury and Taos varieties of intellectualism and Bohemianism lay in the distance. Yet these and other elements of the modern experiences continued to appear in Lawrence's writings: Mr. Nehls provides us with a background that helps us toward a better understanding of such matters. He might, however, have profitably given the reader more of this kind of exploration and less of the graveyard chatter of survivors.

Except for Mark Schorer's excellent account of his visit in the 1950s to the Florentine villa, Mr. Nehls could have omitted most of the post-mortem travelogues in his "Five Who Went Back" section. Mr. Schorer's essay, and perhaps parts of A. L. Rowse's report of a wartime visit to Lawrence's native town, would have served better as respective settings for the Villa Mirenda and Eastwood phases of the narrative accounts of Lawrence's life; the rest of the "Five" would be piffle at any time. But if Mr. Nehls seems to falter a bit as he draws near a conclusion, the reason may lie in an unconscious reluctance to bring to an end a labor of love at once so tormenting and so absorbing.

One of the finest results of his admirable efforts to discover more about Lawrence is the "Chambers Papers" appendix to the present volume. These papers, recently discovered in Canada, concern the farm family that figures so prominently in Lawrence's early

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novels and stories. These valuable documents contain a long memoir by the older sister of the original of Miriam in "Sons and Lovers," and they also include some interesting letters from the eager young Bert Lawrence of Eastwood days.

A new reminiscence by Philip Trotter tells of the difficulties he and his wife suffered when they exhibited Lawrence's paintings at their gallery in 1929. Although Mr. Trotter is sometimes exhaustive to the point of exhaustion, he provides some useful and occasionally amusing information, including a description of the late Aga Khan's efforts to get a last peep at the famous nudes before the bobbies marched away with them during the notorious "raid." Mr. Nehls has also put us in his debt by obtaining a memoir by Rolf Gardiner which gives a fine account of Lawrence's influence upon a representative young man of the 1920s, who found that "Lawrence's characters lived from a deeper source of experience than the conventional people of society and the novels of social life." This is still true, and it explains why the young men and women of today are playing so vital a part in the revival of Lawrence.

Let the man's red beard wag in fury as the crockery flies, or let the dying author talk brilliantly as he sits in a chair in the sunlight—the big point is that sometimes imperfectly, but always challengingly, Lawrence produced those rare things in our time, great books. And, however extensively Mr. Nehls goes into personalia, we can feel throughout his reverence for a great visionary man and for this man's great visionary writings.

The Wayward Geniuses of Letters

"Johnson and Boswell," by Hesketh Pearson *(Harper. 374 pp. $5.50), recounts the lives of two of the eighteenth century's most complex and original personalities. Historian J. H. Plumb of Christ's College, Cambridge University, is the biographer of Sir Robert Walpole and the editor of the projected twenty-five volume "History of Human Society."*

By J. H. Plumb

NO biographer can go wrong with Boswell and Johnson. Nor can their story be told too often for they are two of the most fascinating, if wayward, geniuses in English literature. Dr. Johnson, a huge tempest of a man, rages and storms across England of the eighteenth century with such violence, sense, and passion that he has made the age peculiarly his own, in spite of his very modest contributions to creative literature. Boswell immortalized him—Boswell, whose character, full of contradictions, a compound of aspiration, lust, guilt, and silliness, made him a sorry figure of fun to his contemporaries. Time has revealed the full stature of his genius. American scholars are laboring on great editions of their works and papers; and the volumes so far published, on which Mr. Pearson relies, reveal the astonishing complexity of their personalities. And herein lies their abiding fascination. They understood each other on diverse, yet deep, levels of feeling.

—Bettmann.

James Boswell — an eighteenth-century Mitty to whom time has rendered greatness.

Dr. Johnson was an ugly bear of a man, ungainly, pitted by scrofula, aware as a youth of his great powers, yet incapable of application until threats of hunger forced it upon him. His life was threaded with a sense of incompleteness and failure, and he was pitifully grateful for the affection given to him by the elderly widow who became his wife. His frustration bred social rage and religious despair. He trod with gusto on all who crossed his path with a ferocity that betrays his inner needs. Yet affection, open and avowed, always softened him and no man was more loyal to his friends. And at the height of his social success, he spent hours with the curious human debris that he collected about him and supported out of his meager income.

In spite of his love of domination, his political intransigence, and religious bigotry, all the great men of his age—Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Garrick, Goldsmith—found his society irresistible. Obviously his mere presence raised the temperature of existence, infusing others with a sense of greatness, authority, and decision. And he was capable of fun—often of a bullying nature and at the expense of others, but always pungent. Added to this was a streak of exhibitionism, made effective by his grotesque appearance and ludicrous personal habits. But Johnson's greatness, like Boswell's, derived from the width of his sympathy, his knowledge of the contradictions of will and desire, of hope and knowledge, of those whom success has not rendered opaque.

Within, if not without, Boswell was a far weirder human being than Johnson. Like him, he had a terror of insecurity, a dread of death, a constant preoccupation with his bodily disorders. But, unlike Johnson, he possessed no will, no core to his wildly diffuse personality. He longed for greatness—to be a statesman, judge, general, aristocrat, man of letters. These Mitty-like dreams invaded the realities of his life and often rendered his actions absurd. The harshness of reality broke in and drove him to the bottle. And he too showed the thoughtless exhibitionism of a man who possessed no sense of his own character. Add to this strange amalgam a sensitivity to sexual stimulus of almost pathological proportions, and the strangeness of Boswell is apparent.

Fortunately, Johnson caught and absorbed his attention; throughout his life he had written journals, letters, essays, themes, conversations—forced to exercise the creative talents that pressed upon him. At the very end of his life his long experience fused into a great work of art, "The Life of Samuel Johnson," the greatest of biographies. For nearly a century scholars have toiled, researching, discovering, correcting, enriching the world which he created for them. Mr. Pearson tells the story of this strange friendship with practised skill but without much insight. His book is extremely readable but not memorable.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gallic Government and de Gaulle

***"Parties and Politics in Modern France," by Richard Barron** (Public Affairs Press. 213 pp. $4.50), performs an autopsy on the Fourth Republic and concludes that the multiparty system caused its death. J. Salwyn Schapiro, author of "Condorcet, Liberalism, Its Meaning and History," differs with this diagnosis.*

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

THE overthrow of a republic by a *coup d'état* is an old French army game. What differentiated the overthrow of the Fourth French Republic from that of the First and of the Second was that the mere threat of a *coup d'état* sufficed.

In his book, "Parties and Politics in Modern France," Richard Barron concentrates on a study of the multiparty system as the primal cause of the Fourth Republic's sudden and inglorious end. He presents a clear, trenchant analysis and a realistic appraisal of the various parties in postwar France, their principles, programs, methods, and leadership. The book is especially interesting in that it is based largely on firsthand observation and on personal interviews with leading politicians and journalists. In his excellent introduction, Charles A. Micaud praises the author highly for presenting his material "in a manner useful both to the relatively uninformed as well as to those with a more professional interest in the subject."

Historically, the multiparty system can be considered as legitimate in France as the two-party system is in England. It came into existence as a result of the French Revolution, which uprooted the existing order, socially as well as politically. According to Barron, "a deep, clear, continually hostile cleavage" arose between Right and Left, based on the acceptance or rejection of the French Revolution. And on each side of this Great Divide further cleavages constantly arose, based on special interests—social, economic, political, religious, even regional—which found political expression in the many parties. Because of the lack of an "agreement on fundamentals" as in two-party Britain, observes the author, discontent with the government took "the form of a demand for a change in the regime itself," instead of a replacement of the party or parties in power, as in other democratic countries. The nonexistence of a "loyal" opposition made the solution of national problems difficult to confine "within the orderly, legal, parliamentary process."

These views of Barron, in my opinion, prove his case too much. On the contrary, the multiparty system under the Third Republic did function, at times very effectively. Whenever a "crisis of regime" erupted, the Left parties developed a "consensus"—a Left consensus—on fundamentals by organizing a "Republican concentration," a solid bloc that confronted the reactionary Right. The Left not only saved the Republic on more than one occasion, but also enacted great reforms, quickly and efficiently, all "within the orderly, legal, parliamentary process." Under the Third Republic France managed to mantain a high degree of political stability for more than two generations.

Barron is at his very best in diagnosing party politics under the Fourth Republic. The stability of the regime at first seemed assured because it was supported by the three large, disciplined parties: the Communists, the Socialists, and the Popular Republicans (M.R.P.), a Catholic but not a clerical party. But not for long. The Communist Party, as "the chief recipient of that historical tendency of the French voter to vote as far to the left as possible" attracted one-quarter of the electorate. Dedicated to the destruction of all other parties, it constituted the most serious postwar problem. When, in 1947, the Communists were ousted from the Socialist ministry they proceeded to isolate themselves politically. It now became easier than ever to overthrow a ministry; the large Communist delegation in the National Assembly readily joined any and all opponents of whatever government was in power. "Never," writes Barron, "had the party seemed so dangerous to so many." As a member of the National Assembly remarked, "We can't govern with them, without them or against them." The Left no longer existed. As a consequence, the classical pattern of Right and Left in French politics ceased to function. That, not the multiparty system as such, doomed the Fourth Republic.

There were more troubles in store for the regime. The Socialists and M.R.P., pillars of the Republic, became seriously weakened. Politically, "the greatest bulwark against Communism in France," the Socialist Party, lost many of its working-class supporters to the Communists. As they formed part of almost every ministry, the Socialists brought upon themselves a revulsion of feeling in the land where resistance to the government had become a great democratic tradition. The M.R.P. rapidly declined by losing many of its middle-class supporters to the Gaullists.

Political instability was rapidly approaching a "crisis of regime." There existed neither a "loyal" opposition nor even a "loyal" government. Divisions within the parties supporting the ministry led to divisions within the ministry itself, resulting in bewildering changes of government. Let a critical situation arise, and the Republic would be in mortal danger. When, on May 13, 1958, the French army in Algeria staged a revolt, the Republic was overthrown without a single hand raised in its defense. Then followed another France—the Fifth Republic with de Gaulle at its helm. A new constitution, especially tailored for him as President, was adopted by an overwhelming vote.

An ideal constitution, according to Napoleon, is short and obscure. The constitution of the Fifth Republic is long and obscure. Its chief architect is Michel Debré, an intense angry intellectual, now sitting at the right hand of de Gaulle. Will the Fifth Republic bring about the much desired "agreement on fundamentals"? Will it reconcile efficient government with democratic control? *"Qui vivra, verra."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Deadly Dilemma

***"The Vichy Regime," by Robert Aron** (Macmillan. 536 pp. $7.50), dispassionately depicts France under Laval. Maurice Edelman, Member of Parliament, Vice President of the Franco-British Parliamentary Relations Committee, is author of "France: The Birth of the Fourth Republic."*

By Maurice Edelman

ON MARCH 29, 1944, I sat in the courtroom of the Palais de Justice in Algiers as the death sentence was passed on Colonel Cristofini. He had been found guilty of treasonably forming the African Phalange, which fought at the side of the Wehrmacht in Tunisia. I felt sorry for him. He seemed to me then to be a confused patriot, and till I read Monsieur Aron's book on the Vichy régime, my sympathy—although I never doubted the validity of the judgment—was unqualified. But, writes M. Aron, "On the 6th May, as a reprisal for the execution of Colonel Cristofini, nine dissident leaders were condemned to death by a court-martial at Annecy; five of them were immediately executed."

For me, this ghastly postscript was a necessary corrective to a sentimental view. The Vichy collaborators of the Nazis were not misguided nationalists. At best, like Pétain himself, they dug the grave of the Republic; at worst, they helped to fill it with the corpses of Oradour and Châteaubriant.

M. Aron's book is particularly topical because the friends of Vichy (and indeed some of the Vichyssois themselves) are once again in full cry. They yelped with pleasure when the French Republic collapsed. They are waiting for the moment when de Gaulle, their old enemy, will himself be submerged. When Laval was in power, a whole generation of young Frenchmen passed through adolescence. M. Aron does a useful service in recalling objectively to them the state of France under an authoritarian régime of the Frenchmen of Vichy.

For my own part, I find the style of M. Aron's book unduly "objective," exaggeratedly passionless. "The Germans," he says in connection with a killing by the Resistance, "reacted by shooting hostages, of which the most unpleasantly notorious incident took place at Châteaubriant." That is his first reference to the massacre by General von Stülpnagel of forty-eight hostages. I feel, indeed, that in his desire to be fair to the Vichy régime, he is respectful to the point of obsequiousness in stating their case.

Consider his references to Pucheu, the Vichy minister who was captured and executed in Algiers. "Pucheu," says M. Aron chivalrously, "is no longer here to defend himself," after a three-line extenuation of his character which ends, "He was the most faithful to himself, the most assured in his patriotism." Yet when I look at my Algiers notes, I find these words of René Guetta, a journalist who later died as a result of his sufferings in Occupied France:

> Was Pucheu never haunted by the sighs of the tormented, the hopeless frenzy, the uncomforted panic of the herds of innocent men and women who were led away to their death?

Pucheu's defense against the charge that he delivered hostages to the Germans was that he carefully chose antisocial elements rather than true Frenchmen. It is the heart-cry of the war criminal. "I murdered a hundred and fourteen not two hundred and seventy three. And, in any case, they were mostly Jews."

M. Aron deals understandingly with Pétain's dilemma—his choice as he saw it, between coming to terms with the Nazis and saving France from further wounds, and fighting on and accepting the possibility of France becoming another Poland. To understand his resolution of this dilemma, we must recognize that it wasn't a democrat's dilemma. It was a choice set before an authoritarian who, with his henchmen, was already halfway inclined towards the political philosophy of his military enemies. Vichy France wasn't raped; it acquiesced with a sigh.

For that reason, although M. Aron leans over backwards in order to find arguments of subjective patriotism for the Vichy *arrivistes*, the truth insists that all of them from Laval to Darlan were men who believed that their own careers or ideologies would thrive under Nazi tutelage. In Paris the theatres, the strip-tease shows, and the brothels enjoyed full houses while France was being plundered. The black market, sanctioned by self-interest and, as a corrupting influence, by the Resistance, sapped the nation's civic sense. Americans and British bombed French cities to the general confusion. And Hitler kicked in the teeth of the Lavals who came to kiss his toes.

With the hindsight of history, even a 1940 fence-sitter, an *attentiste*, can ask the question, "Was there a true dilemma for a French patriot in 1940? Would France have suffered more—or less—if Pétain, instead of collaborating, had ordered the fleet to Allied ports and transferred himself and his government to Africa?" There can be no doubt that had he done so, France would have spared itself the France of the Vichy régime and of the inheritance of Vichyism, which it still in part preserves.

It is a pity that M. Aron has not fully explored the falseness of the Vichy dilemma. But the worst flaw of the book is its total inadequacy in dealing with the Resistance inside France itself. M. Aron's book is like a coin with only one face. The face is shiny. But the coin doesn't quite ring true.

Autumn on Cape Cod

By George Starbuck

DEEP as Manhattan's earth the billion-dollar
roots of our affluence pull back their saps:
this limb of land grows colder, sheds its colors,
spins from its leeward beaches the bright-veined maps,
goes white—dreaming of next year's green perhaps.
And road maps, reminders, leaflets skim where a sea
of swimmers' ghosts in whiter-than-bathing caps
jostle and duck and leap, where squeals of glee
follow a seagull away, away with their eyes from me.

I sit alone in a jacket and jeans on a dune,
dig in my toes for warmth, and warm the air
in my hands, breathing again that stretch of June
when everything fills, and fills, like a nightmare—
I grin: this is no season of despair:
many a man's banked him a bundle; and hey!—
down the horizon it hopped with the four-square
jounce of a full Good Humor, an ice-gray
box of a truck from Brinks Inc hustles the green away.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 27

of their ethnocentrism. Most of the subtleties of the "Tale of Genji" are over the heads of the modern Japanese, too.

It is precisely this episode which Kawabata, deliberately or not, "modernizes" in "Thousand Cranes." His modernization is no more and no less satisfactory than Sartre's or Cocteau's—or Ernst Haycox's—updating of Aeschylus. Like them, Kawabata settles for a lesser thing in every way—smaller, less noble, less complex, less profound—in a word (borrowed from Aristotle on tragedy) meaner.

"Thousand Cranes" is the story of a young, modernized Japanese, presumably a businessman, unable to cope with the unsolved dilemmas and unassimilated and undisposable residues of his father's emotional relationship with two former mistresses. The older woman, blighted and desexed by a bygone moment of scorn—and marked like a demon beauty in a Kabuki play with a hideous birthmark on her breast—destroys the other, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing mistress, and her daughter, who loves the son with a kind of hypnotic, all consuming guilt. The daughter is, as it were, the medium through whom this spirit of destructive hate operates. Just like in Osamu Dasai, everybody commits suicide but here the action centers around the tea ceremony, and takes place among the palaces and temples of Kamakura, whereas in Dasai it centers around verminous one-night hotels in the slums of Tokyo. It is largely a question of décor. For the important thing about "Thousand Cranes" is its difference from its classical model.

In Kawabata's novel the bad woman is bad, the good woman is good, the girl is guilty and hot, and the young man is weak, and Kamakura, with its tea cottages, gardens, castles, and temples are souvenirs of the noble past of classical Japan. But Murasaki wasn't a classic, she was just a Japanese court lady writing a novel about her friends and enemies. And Lady Rokujo wasn't bad, in fact she has a kind of glory otherwise reserved for Genji himself. All the characters are just people, not mean but rather noble, as Aristotle liked them to be, caught in life, with its endlessly unraveling consequences.

So it would seem that Kawabata's "Thousand Cranes" raises the old question: "What makes great art great?" For it is, after all, only a very touching, very engagingly written modern sentimentality. On the other hand, now, after she has been dead so many years, Lady Murasaki is a classic and will go on providing models for other popular novelists in that otherwise unknowable future.

Pyrotechnics

"A Commodity of Dreams and Other Stories," by Howard Nemerov *(Simon & Schuster. 245 pp. $3.75), is a collection of short stories that deal ironically and often symbolically with man's quest for life's meaning.* SR's *reviewer, Arnold Dolin, was an editor of* discovery *during the lifetime of that literary magazine.*

By Arnold Dolin

THERE is a vitality in American short stories today that belies the prophets of doom who lament the state of our creative artists. Just during the past year there were notable collections by such writers as Bernard Malamud, John Cheever, and Truman Capote.

And now Howard Nemerov, a well-known poet, novelist, and professor of English, has given us his first collection of short stories. Although nine of them previously appeared in such periodicals as the *Sewanee* and *Kenyon* reviews, "A Commodity of Dreams" includes five new ones.

Let it be said at once that his stories are marked with a narrative skill that constantly commands the reader's attention. Mr. Nemerov seldom forgets that he is telling a story—more often than not, an enthralling one. I missed only the sense of being in the presence of real people. Though the essential motivating details are supplied with telling perception, these characters don't always spring to life with the passionate force that might make their crises emotionally meaningful to us. Instead, we are moved by the author's quite extraordinary effects—by his use of satire, dramatic irony, and symbolism (sometimes obscure)—by his suave style, sharp but human wit, poetic language, and startling affinity for the weird.

It is an undeniably dazzling display. But Mr. Nemerov is also making important statements about our modern society. His most recurrent theme is the desperate search for contact with life, for that extra dimension of feeling that gives meaning to the experience. In "Visiting the Sick" a middle-aged suburbanite tries to express this to his friend, and finds even communication impossible. In Nemerov's strangest and most elusive story, "The Amateurs," a rich and "simple" young man seeks true suffering by driving a nail through his friend's hand, only to explode in "deep, healthy laughter" when the victim dies. The theme in these and other stories is illuminated by the action—but not by the actors.

The climaxes frequently involve sudden and bizarre death. Sometimes it is inevitable and right; occasionally, though, it produces a jarring note. "A Delayed Hearing" is a charming comedy of deft character studies with an undertone of serious social comment; but the grotesque death of the lady practitioner of "suffering nonresist-

"It is one of the best love stories to come along in many a year."
—TIME MAGAZINE

UNARMED IN PARADISE

By ELLEN MARSH

Author of Drink to the Hunted

$4.50 at all bookstores

Macmillan

PHOTO BY JAMES NOBLE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance" shatters this gentle mood. On the other hand, "An Encounter with the Law" presents a man whose nightmares of insanity and destruction are fulfilled in an atmosphere of mounting terror and desperation.

Interestingly enough, the most successful piece is a genuine horror story, "The Web of Life," in which Nemerov employs an urbane, almost tongue-in-cheek style to create a superbly macabre effect—the horror lies not in death itself, but in the surrounding life that is indistinguishable from it. The young man who has renounced the world to inherit his great-uncle's wealth is bound even in the old man's death by a triumph of the modern mortician's art. That both these men are no more than masks is entirely fitting in this case.

Any collection that yields three really first-rate stories ("The Web of Life," "Visiting the Sick," and "An Encounter with the Law"), as well as at least a half-dozen of great merit, can be recommended without reservation. Despite some flaws, the brilliance of its best moments makes "A Commodity of Dreams" a richly rewarding book—and serves notice that Mr. Nemerov may very soon join the top rank of American short story writers.

Corrida Conflicts

"Fandango Rock," by John Masters *(Harper. 394 pp. $4.50), tells about Americans in Spain and particularly of one American girl who meets the local bullfighter. Lucy Herndon Crockett is a novelist, who has also written "Kings Without Castles," an analysis of modern Spain.*

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

APPARENTLY there is a compulsion for any writer affected by the insidious appeal of the bullfight to explain this most extraordinary entertainment as though it had never been described before. This novel of present-day Spain all but begins and ends in the bullring. If the reader can get past the initial elementary lesson in what the *corrida* is all about, he will find himself launched into a situation loaded with very real and up-to-date conflicts.

The theme is the impact upon die-hard, conservative Spain, exemplified in gentleman-matador César Aguirre and his cronies, of brash USA., as introduced to the town of Medina Lejo by courtesy of a nearby U.S. airbase. When the agreement for the lease of military bases in Spain was signed with General Franco in 1953, it was in fact very much the concern of the American chief of our military mission to keep the charming Spaniards uncontaminated by the presence of large bodies of American service personnel; any American under his jurisdiction who attracted unfavorable criticism was summarily deported. But Americans en masse, no matter how well behaved, convey Americana with them, accelerating in whatever foreign setting the changes already initiated by American movies. In "Fandango Rock" it is the enthusiastic defection of their own people from Spanish ways which most embitters the diehards.

Through a series of unfortunate accidents, and other incidents not entirely accidental, relations between Medina Lejo and the airbase deteriorate at an alarming speed. Caught between the conflicting elements is Kit Freemantle, just out of college and reveling in being a "free agent." Hungry to get close to the Spanish soul, impatient with the unimaginatively "nice" Air Force captain who moons around after her, she lets herself become embroiled in the affairs of Medina Lejo, in the process toppling into a love affair with César Aguirre. We are told that she is both beautiful and intelligent (the Base commander has given her the unofficial mission of taking a reading on the state of the mind of the townspeople), although beyond admitting to a proficiency in the Spanish language she shows little in her actions throughout the book to indicate the latter. To her credit, in the end she proves herself a woman of principle: although knowing she can only marry César as a Catholic, she ponders Catholicism and rejects it; and it is she who, at his own personal moment of truth, brings out his strength of character.

This is a fast-paced, action-filled book. Fiestas, repeated mob violence, a plane crash, rape, secret meetings, the falling-in-love foray *à deux* in a picturesque pastoral scene so dear to Hollywood's heart, flight in the night, and, of course, the toss of the bright figure on the bull's horns—all are laid out in neat sequence for the script-writer.

Mr. Masters, an Englishman who has taken out American citizenship, writes with demolishing objectivity about our most blatant shortcomings as they stand out against the Spanish or any other scene. (He balances these nicely, it should be noted, by our redeeming features.) It is through a remarkably articulate César that such criticism is expressed in sarcastic invective strongly reminiscent of a much-publicized anti-American diatribe by another British writer some time ago. Indeed, while César's charges against us are, no doubt, largely true, they are beginning to seem a little hackneyed. (We never know if he is ranting in English or Spanish, and to those readers expecting in vain a certain Spanish dimension to this portrayal of Spanish emotions, this does tend to make a difference.

Nevertheless, the situation today in Spain of American and Spanish elements in conflict does exist; there is a powerful story in it, and John Masters has written the story. Those who know Spain may find "Fandango Rock" an oddly unpleasant book, for the very reason that the picture the author presents (limited, it is to be hoped, to the sites of the few large military bases) is all too likely to be true.

DOUCE FELLOW: Monica Dickens's latest novel, **"Man Overboard"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95), is about a former naval commander in the United Kingdom Navy. Ben Francis is a douce fellow (in Scots parlance). In seventeen years' service, he has set none of the seven seas afire. He was married once, to Marion who was killed in a motor smash with a co-respondent (of a lower naval rank than her husband) leaving a daughter, Amy, quite the nicest person in Miss Dickens's book.

Poor Ben had not wanted to go into the Navy in the first place—he went because his elder brother went down in his sub in 1940 and Ben knew his parents expected him to take his brother's place. His various adventures at job-hunting, once he has been axed, his subsequent adventures in jobs, and his simultaneous, Milquetoast-ish amatory pursuits, all add up to a mildly amusing picaresque tale. Miss Dickens is excellent at her characterizations, whether of Ben's father ("thick thighs apart and his torso laid between them like an egg") or of Rose, the television star with whom Ben fancies himself in love, or the risqué successful author who employs him, or the two cosy investment sharks who don't, or the etiolated Greek scholar schoolmaster with a dishonest, unfaithful, alcoholic wife: in a few strokes all the characters are shown, not told. Only they are all in search of a theme, a plot, and a conflict—in fact, of a story. Perhaps the theme is: if you don't try for the star, you'll find the farm; perhaps the plot: man has job, loses job, finds job; perhaps the conflict is between the dignity of an ex-officer and the necessity of feeding a family. In any event, this book remains a series of clever portraits, crowded and unconvincing as a novel. —ANNE FREMANTLE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religious Books

Continued from page 43

fall into that category. It is a work of dignity written by a person who has devoted a lifetime of study to all aspects of Judaism. He brings to bear an enormous grasp and encyclopedic knowledge of all basic sources in a single book that abounds with respect and reverence for the religion, while putting it into its truest light. An altogether readable book, it is highly recommended for a fuller understanding of Judaism.

It would be interesting to follow Professor Waxman's book with a reading of **"Point of View: An Analysis of American Judaism,"** by Rabbi Israel H. Levinthal (Abelard-Schuman, $2.75). In it, Dr. Levinthal, one of the most respected elder statesmen in American Jewry, and long a leader in the Conservative movement, has attempted "a popular discussion" of the four branches of Jewish religious life in this country. He has succeeded in producing a thought-provoking overview of the denominational American-Jewish religious scene, although by intention it is neither exhaustive nor profound.

He sees wide chasms separating the denominations, but is not completely discouraged by their future prospects for rejuvenating a closer adherence to the main stream of Jewish life. At the core of the differences between the Reform, Orthodox, Conservative, and Reconstructionist points of view lie their varying attitudes towards *Halachah*, that is, basic Jewish law governing rituals and ceremonials for Jewish religious expression.

> Reform . . . originally abolished it; Orthodoxy (as a movement it arose as a reaction to the Reformers; originally there was only one Judaism) has congealed it, denying it growth or development; the Conservative position recognizes its indispensability, but maintains that it possesses the gift of self-rejuvenation through legal means and methods inherent in the *Halachah* itself.

Reconstructionism, in its dependence on "preaching religion in the language of philosophy" (a phrase borrowed from Toynbee in a different context), is somewhat vexatious to Dr. Levinthal. He regards it "in every essential feature the creation of a single thinker," Dr. Mordecai M. Kaplan, the force of whose personal idealism and leadership has given the movements its greatest strength. Through its intellectual permissive-

HARPER & BROTHERS

Religion and Culture

Edited by WALTER LEIBRECHT. Essays in honor of PAUL TILLICH. A distinguished group of contemporary thinkers examine the relation between religion and psychiatry, language, music, science, philosophy, world order, etc. $7.50

What's Right With Race Relations

By HARRIET HARMON DEXTER. A nationwide account of the progress being made in America to overcome racial injustice. "A valuable contribution."—*Christian Science Monitor.* $4.00

Commentaries on Living

SECOND SERIES

By KRISHNAMURTI. Edited by D. Rajagopal. "Calm, searching thoughts of an Eastern thinker . . . A fresh approach to self-understanding and deeper insights into the meaning of personal freedom and mature love."—ROLLO MAY. $3.50

Harper's Bible Dictionary

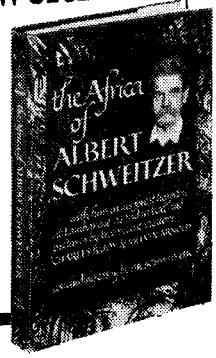
By MADELEINE S. and J. LANE MILLER. As up-to-the-minute as the daily news! In this, the Sixth Edition, new material on the Dead Sea Scrolls and other findings from recent excavations have been added. "An incalculable storehouse of current and usable information."—*Christian Science Monitor.*
(thumb-indexed $8.95) $7.95

The Religions of Man

By HUSTON SMITH. A clear and objective description of the world's great religions in terms of their appeal to different races and cultures. "Will aid all adult Americans in present world-wide confusion."—*Saturday Review.* $5.00

The Africa of Albert Schweitzer

Text and Pictures by CHARLES R. JOY and MELVIN ARNOLD. A revised edition with new pictures and new text. "Will give you a better idea of what Dr. Schweitzer has to contend with and how he goes about his mission than any of the other books."
—*The Living Church.* $4.00



At your bookseller • **HARPER & BROTHERS**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos from left to right: St. Dominic (photo copyright Leonard von Matt), St. Benedict (Museo del Prado), St. Teresa by Jean de la Misère.

From the Hermits of the Desert to St. Ignatius Loyola...

WARRIORS OF GOD

The Great Religious Orders and Their Founders

By WALTER NIGG

This richly informative, fascinatingly readable book tells the stories of the men and women (all subsequently sainted) who founded the great monastic and other religious orders of Christianity. It relates what is known of each founder's life and then examines the order's ruling ideas, characteristics, conflicts, tragedies, and services. The position of the order today is always described.

In these pages you will meet the Hermits of the Desert, Cenobites, monks of Eastern Christianity, Augustinians, Benedictines, Carthusians, Cistercians, Trappists, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Jesuits. And here, too, among others are St. Anthony, St. Basil, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Teresa of Avila, and St. Ignatius Loyola. *Translated from the German by Mary Ilford.*

Illustrated with ten great works of art portraying founders of orders

$6.95 at most bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

ness, the individual becomes the judge of his own religious observances, a practice which if abused can result in spiritual anarchy and confusion.

He concludes that "the ideology which will have the greatest influence on American Jewry . . . is the [one] which will achieve most in enriching the minds and hearts of our people [based on] the spiritual and cultural treasures of our age-long classic tradition."

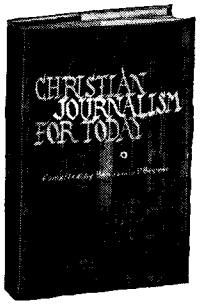
"Point of View" is a brief pro-tem report, which thrives for objectivity in a controversial realm. After a reading, one cannot help but feel that American Jewry is at a kind of spiritual crossroads, and that its problems deserve fuller clarification and discussion than is found in this book. What is needed is additional amplification from other leading religious voices that can guide the American Jew to a clearer adherence to his faith.

One great contemporary Jewish thinker who is certain to exert a strong influence—if posthumously—on religious thought for some time to come is Dr. Leo Baeck, whose **"Judaism and Christianity"** (Jewish Publication Society, $4) examines the basic principles on which Christianity rests. In a long essay, "Romantic Religion," he distinguishes between two types of religion, the romantic and the classical. Simplifying this profound distinction is to do injustice to the depth of the analysis. In Dr. Baeck's own words:

> For the romantic, the impression, the mood, that which comes over the human being, is everything . . . The romantically pious . . . his faith remains purely passive; it is not faith in the challenging, commanding law of God, but merely in the gift of the divine grace. Activity fights for everything; passivity has everything. There demands are made; here everything is given; even the love of man which is glorified in romantic religion is merely the gift of grace which is the share of

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 14, 5, 1, 11, 6, 2, 7, 4, 9, 10, 3, 13, 12, 8. Titles and authors are as follows: 1. "Daisy Miller" (James). 2. "Hedda Gabler" (Ibsen). 3. "Little Women" (Alcott). 4. "The Cloister and the Hearth" (Reade). 5. "Madame Bovary" (Flaubert). 6. "Rebecca" (Du Maurier). 7. "Wuthering Heights" (E. Brontë). 8. "Bleak House" (Dickens). 9. "Anna Karenina" (Tolstoi). 10. "Annabel Lee" (Poe). 11. "A Farewell to Arms" (Hemingway). 12. "Camille" (Dumas). 13. "Romeo and Juliet" (Shakespeare). 14. "The Constant Nymph" (Kennedy).



Looking for a Truly Uncrowded Field? It exists . . . in the field of CHRISTIAN JOURNALISM

Three books by distinguished Christian editors. Each was written specifically to guide you in this rewarding and satisfying field . . .

CHRISTIAN JOURNALISM FOR TODAY *compiled and edited by Benjamin P. Browne.* An authoritative manual for amateur or professional. The field of Christian Journalism covered in detail. Articles, fiction, drama, curriculum, poetry, sermons . . . all are discussed thoroughly.
Cloth, $3.50

WRITING FOR CHRISTIAN PUBLICATION *by Edith Tiller Osteyee.* An easily understood manual on Christian Journalism. How to plan, gather source information, prepare the copy and find the right market. Experienced advice.
Cloth, $3.00

THE WRITERS CONFERENCE COMES TO YOU *compiled and edited by Benjamin P. Browne.* The experience and know-how of 37 writers to follow. A book that makes you *want* to write, tells you *what* to write and shows you *how* to write it.
Cloth, $5.00

jp **THE JUDSON PRESS**
1703 Chestnut St., Phila. 3, Pa.

HEAR CLEARLY AGAIN

Nerve deafness may cause words to sound unclear to you. You may strain to understand what is being said. Hearing strain may lead to tiredness, irritability and fatigue. Yet hearing strain is easy to take care of. A new booklet is out, telling all about how to correct hearing strain. It's called "Naturally, you can hear again". Send for your free copy. No obligation. Write

Your Golden Circle of Sound
Acousticon
INTERNATIONAL
DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS INC.
95-25 149th St., Jamaica 35, N.Y. • Dept. SAT

The Tales of the
GESTA ROMANORUM
Translated by Charles Swan
The direct source of later literature from Shakespeare's *Lear* to Thomas Mann's *The Holy Sinner.*
368 pages Buckram bound $6.00
Everest Books, Box 460, Cooper Station, N.Y. 3, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those who have grace. The only activity of the genuine romantic is self-congratulation on his state of grace . . .

Dr. Baeck sees Christianity as the epitome of romanticism. Conversely, Judaism, through its demand upon the individual to come to grips with life as it is lived, ideally fulfills Dr. Baeck's definition of a classical religion. According to his view, commandment is a discipline that the Jew willingly accepts. It is a very real thing in that it does not permit him to utilize emotion as the chief means of attaining a state of grace.

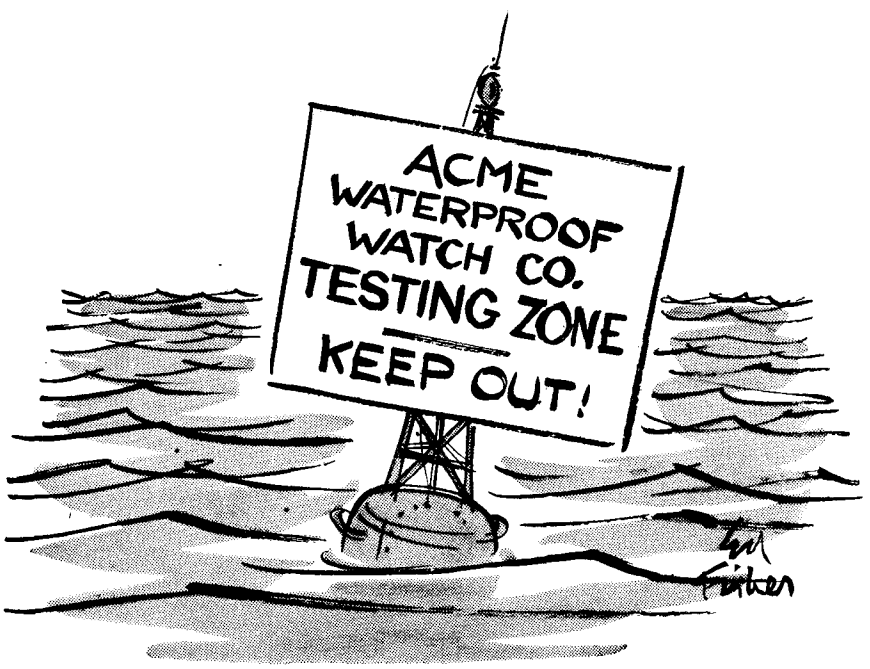
In essence, this forceful and erudite work is a bold polemic against Christianity, which the author concludes to be wanting. "Serious Christians," says translator Walter Kaufman in his introduction, "should care to know in what respects one of the outstanding Jewish thinkers of our time considered their religion to be open to objections . . ." There are many grave implications here that will probably not go unanswered, for it would appear that Dr. Baeck has driven a deep wedge between a great religious movement and the foundations on which it rests.

Occasionally a beautiful expression of faith in God appears that touches the very soul. One such work on the current list is **"Faith and Love,"** by Rabbi Alexander Alan Steinbach (Philosophical Library, $3), a collection of short essays, observations, and reflections on a wide variety of life's problems.

It is no coincidence that the author's prose style borders on the poetic, for Rabbi Steinbach is a poet whose verse has won for him several prizes. He displays it here in its loveliest word coloration. Possessing a deep understanding of human values, he has in his unique way infused these gemlike bits of wisdom with the feeling that God expresses His divinity in many ways and in many places. The cacophonous warm-up of a symphony orchestra, for example, he sets against the magic of a harmonious performance of a symphonic masterpiece. It is the same way in life, says Rabbi Steinbach: "He who learns to attune himself becomes conversant with an orchestration that echoes the transfiguring music of Deity."

Of special interest to students of modern Jewish history is **"The Herzl Year Book," Volume I** (Herzl Press, $5), edited by Raphael Patai, with a foreword by Dr. Emanuel Neumann. This series is intended to fill the void of information that exists about the early years of modern Zionism. The movement as a whole is little more than sixty years old, and what with current preoccupation with day-to-day Zionist problems, historical documentation of the early years is surprisingly lacking.

The present volume, containing thirteen essays of varying length, deals almost entirely with different phases of the life of Theodor Herzl, who was the founder of political Zionism. Worthy of careful attention is "Herzl, Architect of the Balfour Declaration," by Oskar Rabinowicz, which carefully documents the thesis that it was Herzl's direct contact with members of the British Government which made it possible for Chaim Weitzmann to build the structure on which modern Israel rests.



Chess Corner—9

THE Lessing J. Rosenwald invitational tournament for the championship of the United States is under way at this writing. It will not only determine the premier player, but also reflect on the relative merits of these three players: Bobby Fischer, the teen-ager who is current titleholder; Samuel Reshevsky, the Western Hemisphere champion; and Pal Benko, the Hungarian refugee grandmaster, who is now residing in the United States. A galaxy of nine additional stars comprises the entry list.

Focus of attention was the sixth round pairing, staging Fischer and Reshevsky. The game, however, was disappointing in that the veteran fell into a published trap and was lost in eleven moves.

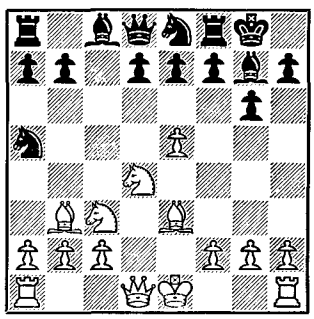
SICILIAN DEFENSE

R. J. Fischer White		S. Reshevsky Black	
1 P-K4	P-QB4	5 N-QB3	B-N2
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	6 B-K3	N-B3
3 P-Q4	PxP	7 B-QB4	0-0
4 NxP	P-KN3	8 B-N3	N-QR4?

A blunder. 8 . . . P-Q3 is correct.

9 P-K5 N-K1

BLACK



WHITE

10 BxPch KxB
11 N-K6! PxN

If 11 . . . KxN 12 Q-Q5ch, K-B4 13 P-N4ch, KxP 14 R-N1ch, and mate soon follows.

12 QxQ	N-QB3	27 Q-R3	N-QB3
13 Q-Q2	BxP	28 N-Q6	BxN
14 0-0	N-Q3	29 RxB	B-B4
15 B-B4	N-B5	30 P-QN4	R/2-B1
16 Q-K2	BxB	31 P-N5	N-Q1
17 QxN	K-N2	32 R-Q5	N-B2
18 N-K4	B-B2	33 R-B5	P-QR3
19 N-B5	R-B3	34 P-N6	B-K5
20 P-QB3	P-K4	35 R-K1	B-B3
21 QR-Q1	N-Q1	36 RxB	PxR
22 N-Q7	R-QB3	37 P-N7	QR-N1
23 Q-KR4	R-K3	38 QxP	N-Q1
24 N-B5	R-KB3	39 R-N1	R-B2
25 N-K4	R-B5	40 P-KR3	KRxNP
26 QxKPch	R-B2	41 RxR	RxR
		42 Q-R8	Resigns

White's Queen Rook Pawn must decide.

—AL HOROWITZ.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

TYPING, professional. Peggy Sweet, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

BOOK AND BOOKLET PRODUCTION from manuscript to bound copies—without evaluation or merchandising. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 391 East 149th St., NYC 55.

ELSIE AUGENBLICK—Manuscript typing: Books, Plays. 342 Madison, NYC. MUrray Hill 7-0492.

SUPERIOR TYPING—Books, Plays, etc. LEAHEY's, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

BOOKS

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

BUY AND SELL BETTER BOOKS at auction by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample catalogue on request. California Book Auction Company, 1228 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, California.

FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE! 1001 Titles! Bargains! 6990 Aberdeen, Upper Darby, Pa.

MARK TWAIN IN HARTFORD, Contemporary Vignettes of Twain's Best Years, 39 pages, 14 illustrations. $1.00. The Mark Twain Memorial, 351 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Connecticut.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

AT LAST! A custom-designed bookplate you can afford! No stock designs. Dolphin Bookplates, Dept. SR-259, 4140 Washington, St. Louis, Missouri.

OUT-OF-PRINT

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Mass.

WE CAN FIND the book you want. Queens Books, P. O. Box 188, L.I.C. 4, N.Y.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOKSHOP, TEMPLE, N. H. Books on anything and everything: Try our search service for that certain book.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Free Search Service, Box 2570R, Long Beach 1, California.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

LITERARY PRIZES

NEW MACMILLAN FICTION AWARD—$7,500 for winning novel-between 50,000 and 200,000 words. Contest closes March 31, 1959. For Official Rules, write Fiction Award Editor, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

ART

WHY MEXICO? . . . Join American colony studying arts, crafts, Spanish, Creative Writing . . . Beginners, professionals . . . MFA . . . Room, board, from $60 monthly in Mexico's most beautiful colonial town . . . illustrated prospectus? INSTITUTO ALLENDE, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajato, Mexico.

CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PRINTS in limited editions by leading American, European and Japanese artists offered by non-profit membership organization. Write for application form, free bulletin. INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY, 65 West 56 St., NYC.

FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON University invites donations of paintings and objets d'art to its art museum, Rutherford, New Jersey.

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO offers bilingual teachers, individual instruction, inexpensive living. Write for brochure. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155A, Verona, New Jersey.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, Sperrhake harpsichords, Homer Ledford Kentucky Dulcimers. Free catalogues. 3-96-B, HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

WANTED: Two copies London International #91127 Gypsy Festival, Stes. Marie de la Mer. Box G-769.

FOR THE GOURMET

TACOS, Mexican delicacy, formed perfectly in Molina Taco Maker. Aluminum molds hold tortillas for deep-fat frying. Complete with recipe. $2.50 ppd. Western Authentics, Rt. 2, Box 815, Tucson, Arizona.

BOSTON HARBOUR TEA. Tea Parties, Boston, 1773, 1774. Involuntarily catered by our packer, Davison, Newman & Co., with famous BOSTON HARBOUR TEA. Again willing to risk trade with the colonies with our assurance. Full pound in colorful historical canister, only $3.50 postpaid, U.S.A. No C.O.D.'s please. Harbour Foods Co., Ltd., Box 1760, San Francisco 1, California.

ADULT EDUCATION

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO announces a new Creative Writing program for adults EVERYWHERE, through our Home-Study Department. Nothing guaranteed, of course—but formal training CAN develop latent talent; and almost every educated person can improve his writing skill. Individual Instruction and Criticism as you study the techniques of Poetry, Short-Stories, Television or Stage Drama, Report-Writing, Writing For Children. Plus, 100 other courses in Psychology, Philosophy, Literature, American History, Semantics, Astronomy, Social Science, World Affairs, and other fields. Use our free counseling service to select the writing course best for you. For FULL information, write for the Home-Study Announcements; no obligation of course. Box SC-29, The Home-Study Department, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago 37, Illinois.

PERSONALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. LExington 2-4769. (NYC).

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

ITALIAN—LEARN RAPIDLY with Florentine young lady. TRafalgar 3-8947, NYC.

AMERICAN LADY takes paying guests in her villa in Florence, Italy. Box G-783.

WESTCHESTER BACHELOR seeks man over 25 help run small house return own room board. Prefer teacher or graduate student. Box G-758.

PERSONALS

EARLY SILVER OF CONNECTICUT and its Makers. Limited number of copies available. Authoritative work by George Munson Curtis, published 1913 . . . 115 pages. Many fine plates. $3.00 per copy, plus 25¢ postage and handling. The International Silver Co., 500 S. Broad St., Meridan, Connecticut.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"! Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

BOOK PRINTING. Highest quality—lowest cost. 250 copies up. Free catalogue. Adams Printery, 30 West Washington, Chicago 2, Illinois.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

GOING ABROAD? Male or female, learn what to take before taking off! Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in EUROPE IN A SUITCASE. This fact-packed book saves time, money, energy; keeps you from making costly mistakes. Fourth Revised Edition, $1.00 ppd. Muriel Scudder, 234 Abbey Road, Manhasset, New York.

A KING'S EXERCISE on a secretary's budget. LEARN TO FENCE. Absolute beginner, adult and children's courses. ALL EQUIPMENT PROVIDED. LOWEST FEES. MASQUE Fencing School. CIrcle 5-1498 (NYC).

FINE GUITARS. The world famous "HOFNER" Concert Classic and Folk Guitars from West Germany. From $175 to $45. Also any other fine new or old guitars and lutes. Shipped anywhere on 5 day approval. Write for particulars. LOCKER'S Fine Musical Instruments, 21 S. 18 St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

CAROL BROWN'S IRISH TWEEDS: now, in person only, Rabun Studios, 31 East 67, NYC. Mail orders to Carol Brown, Putney 34, Vt.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

BABY SITTER: Experience, references. College graduate—Available June. Europe desirable. Box G-768.

DRAMA COUNSELLOR for Pennsylvania summer camp. Single teacher or college student. Klein, 43 Rumsey, Yonkers, N.Y.

PROVINCIAL BOSTONIAN seeks interesting summer work west of Dedham or east of Nantucket. Radcliffe junior; could tutor French, German, Math. References from varied past jobs. Box G-777.

NEW FROM ENGLAND! Bookbinding kits for paperbacks. Makes hard-cover volumes in minutes. Six bindings. $1.96. BIND-YOUR-OWN. Box E-877.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—economical, insured household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. The Padded Wagon, ALgonquin 5-8343 (NYC).

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, etc. Lists for stamps. Temple, Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

UNUSUAL SUMMER WORK desired by freshman college girl—previous summer jobs in summer stock and gift shop. Bonnie Brown, West Bend, Wisconsin.

THREE COLLEGE GRADUATES (Amherst and Paris) need fourth to drive round-trip Paris to Cape Good Hope via Middle East, return through Sahara. July-December 1959. Estimated cost $1100. Write immediately: Yves Tommy-Martin, 5 rue Sainte-Beuve, Paris 6.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment! Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 515 Madison Avenue, NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

BULL FIGHT POSTERS. Large, colorful, exciting action of the Bull Fight. $3.00 Pair. Howard's Products. 12207 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 25, California.

CO-ED WRITER, seeking job taking her anywhere outside USA. Typing, shorthand, plus enthusiasm, adaptability, adventurousness, experience and references. Box G-785.

CONVALESCENT or elderly person cared for in first-class private home. RIverside 9-2442. NYC.

WALDEN ENTHUSIASTS love June Burn's LIVING HIGH. Illustrated, $3.75. Wellington Books, Belmont 78, Massachusetts.

NOVELIST-EDITOR, seeks position. Experienced MSS evaluation, book length revision. Translate Russian. Box G-755.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

TYPE A PERFECT LOOKING MANUSCRIPT—Use Eaton's Corrasable Bond Paper—erases without a trace. Try it. Send 25¢ for a 25-sheet sample packet of Corrasable Bond. Enough for 7,500 of your best words. Eaton Paper Corporation, Dept. SR 1, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

PROFESSIONAL ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR tutors adults or children reading, writing, speech, grammar. Box G-496.

SEEK COLLEGE GRADUATE, liberal arts background. Interesting work, nice salary. N.Y., New England Area. Box G-184.

TRAVEL, LIVE, WORK abroad—Radio, newspaper, teaching, hotel, administrative, technical positions. Comprehensive new booklet "Employment Abroad" covers American companies in sixty countries. $1.00 Hill International Publications. P.O. Box 229-F, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

HOW AND WHERE TO LOOK IT UP. Having trouble locating facts? Wonderful new book tells you where to find information on every subject. Actually makes research easy. Lists, evaluates, tells you how to use all standard reference sources: newspapers, magazines, books, films, slides, government, trade, organization and foreign publications. Ask your bookstore for HOW AND WHERE TO LOOK IT UP by Robert Murphey. Price $15.00. Published by McGraw-Hill.

COPYWRITER—Good Opportunity with long-established agency (NYC) specializing in book-publishers' advertising. Interesting, varied work. Please give full details, education, experience, salary requirements. All replies in strict confidence. Box G-792.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493. (NYC).

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, Statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

PRIVATE FRENCH TUTORING by Paris student at your home. Box G-453.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16.

TWENTY-SIXTH WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 20—August 7. Outstanding staff: A. B. Guthrie, Walker Gibson, Stewart Holbrook, William Peden, and Virginia Sorensen. Inquire Margaret Robb, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder.

COAT-OF-ARMS Plaques, Parchment Paintings 400,000 names. All nationalities. Free Brochure. HERALDIC PUBLISHING, 305 West End, New York 23.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N.Y.

ALCOHOLICS—LEARN TO LIVE AGAIN. Understanding care—informal atmosphere on a private island estate in Charlotte Harbor, Florida. Estrellita Island Lodge. Box 44, Bokeelia, Florida. Phone: Pine Island—Owens 8-2501.

A FEBRUARY 1959 COLLEGE GRAD. (Ivy), who is a 26-year old single veteran and who possesses a broad liberal arts background and the ability to grow with-the-job, desires a firm start to start growing. Box G-761.

YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE—B.A. Sociology. Desire challenging position as a team. Foreign location preferred. Box G-762.

PHILADELPHIAN—Personable, fortyish femme writer desires job utilizing experience in communications/Dictaphone Secretary/Correspondent or/Sales. Box G-763.

NEED SUMMER GOVERNESS? Experienced coed. Will travel—tutor. Excellent references. Box G-764.

NAVAL OFFICER seeks stimulating, worthwhile job. US Naval Academy Graduate ('55), graduate study international relations, speaks French, married. Box G-765.

PHOTOGRAPHER-WRITER, national reputation. BS Sociology, world-wide ethnological travel background. Financially independent. Desire opportunity for utilizing abilities with Foundation or private expedition. Box G-766.

THOSE TOUGH CONNEMARA and colorful AVOCA handwoven Irish tweeds, by yard and in men's sports jackets, cardigans, topcoats; ladies' coats, skirts, crimson cardigans. Carol Brown, Putney 35, Vt.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, engaged, desires position. Seven languages. Stenographer. Will travel, live abroad. Request resume. Box G-778.

PERSONALS

24, CLEAN-CUT and BRIGHT, wish to work part time at night. You have work and cash to spare! Call this number—I'll be there. YUkon 8-6837 in NYC.

WANTED: MEDICAL-SCIENCE WRITER. Northern California organization seeking mature, medical-science writer accustomed to writing for newspaper and general magazine audiences. Must be thoroughly professional, productive, cooperative. Exceptional opportunity for right man. Salary open. Send exhibits, resume, recommendations, photograph. Box G-791.

ROBERT GREEN, actor and artist from N.Y. and Florida contact John Clayton immediately, Nashville.

DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE AWARDS, deadline April 30. For information address Box 200-Z, Stanford, California.

CAMPS

TENNIS-PROFESSIONAL instruction. Participation in Middle States tournaments. Co-educational, 10-16. Location—Westtown School, 600 acres, lake, pool, 18 courts. Limit—35 campers. Chase Tennis Center, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

WHITE HOUSE, Oak living rooms, long flower garden, wide street—Counsell, 106 Main, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

For Rent

FOR RENT, JULY AND AUGUST, completely furnished home on Lake Champlain. Haverly O. Moyer, Plattsburgh, New York.

SUMMER RENTAL—modernized 17th Century salt box—4 bedrooms, 3 baths—New England village—Summer colony provides beach, yacht and golf clubs $1,500 season. P. W. Yeatman, Little Compton, R. I.

FURNISHED BUNGALOWS. Scenic Bucks County retreat. Box 139, New Hope, Pennsylvania.

APARTMENT FOR SUBLET

CHARMING, SUNNY APARTMENT for two adults, furnished, large living room, bedroom, bath, kitchen, pleasant neighborhood midtown New York, April 5—May 18, $210 month. Box G-773.

VACATIONS

BLUEBERRY HILL! WINTER! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

TUCSON ARIZONA, IS UNIQUE: Winter sun, dry climate, theaters, concerts, historical interests. WILMOT INN provides swimming pool, beautiful gardens, friendliness. Exceptional food, Marine Dining Room. Patio rooms—European or American plan. 330 S. Wilmot.

TENNIS, FLORIDA KEYS. 4 Clay courts. Located close to oceanfront apartments, etc. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada. From December 1st to May 1st.

SANCTUARY for the quiet modes of former years, an Island in Time. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Ten miles at sea. Booklet D?

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

ALENCIA HOTEL, St. Augustine, Florida. Enjoy homelike atmosphere, old-world charm in the nation's oldest city.

THE GOSNOLD ARMS, New Harbor, Maine. Seventy miles Northeast of Portland. June 30 to September 8.

TRAVEL

A MONTANA VACATION gives you everything to do . . . and beauty, too. For colorful free booklet write Advertising Director, Dept. 59-11, Montana Highway Commission, Helena, Montana.

AMAZING!! EUROPE . . $195! . . That's all it costs for unusual, delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence or Vienna. Full month July or August includes accommodations, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, many other features. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 554 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

TRAVEL

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

RUSSIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, Poland, Rumania, escorted and individual tours all inclusive from $10 per day. Write for folders. CONSOLIDATED TOURS, INC., 250 West 57th Street, NYC 19, JUdson 6-5230.

EUROPE, 1959 Summer Tours: 38-60 days in Europe, 11-18 countries. Via ship and air (New Pan-American JETS). Also Special YOUTH TOUR. From $1,045 to $1,375. Write: Prof. L. Knecht, Director, KNIGHT TOURS (S.R.). Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

EUROPE 1959. ECONOMY TOURS By Ship: "Grand"—77 days, 18 countries, $1,245. "Standard"—55 days, 13 countries. $1,025. By air: "Grand"—63 days, 19 countries, $1,337. "Standard"—43 days, 13 countries, $1,095. Italy, Britain, Scandinavia in all itineraries: Frequent departures June, July. Prices include trans-Atlantic passage, luxury motorcoach transportation, hotels, meals, sightseeing, entertainment. Expertly conducted. DITTMAN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

TO EUROPE BY FREIGHTER, modern, fast German freighters with comfortable passenger accommodations available. Glaessel Shipping Corporation, 44 Whitehall St., NYC, BOwling Green 9-0962.

IN FACT, there are several fjords in your future. In addition to our Spring Festival Tour of Scandinavia, we now are announcing our Summer Tour of Scandinavia, all four countries, and the Midnight Sun at the North Cape. Both tours may be combined with extension tours of Russia. Both tours have our extensive meet-the-people program. A number of other programs are now ready: Spain, Portugal and continental Europe; Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Lebanon, Syria and Egypt. Write for a selection. European Traveling Seminar. Arne Sorensen and Karen M. Jorgensen, 2475 Virginia Avenue, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

NEW LOOK IN TRAVEL. Completely new kind of travel, flexible intineraries covering all Europe, educational projects, later return, if desired. Special extension to Scandinavia, Yugoslavia, Near and Middle East. Grand Tour of Central Europe $898 via Air-France from N. Y. Leave West Coast June 14 and 28. For literature write Dr. Berg's Educational Tours, Saint Mary's College, California.

ESCORTED EUROPEAN TOURS from 7 days to 32 days. Continent, Spain, Scandinavia, Great Britain. Write for attractive brochures. Frames Tours Ltd. (established 1881) 185 Madison Avenue, New York. Bookings only through Travel Agents.

TEPOZTLAN, a primitive Aztec village, off the beaten track, unspoiled by tourism. A climate incomparable, luxurious accommodations, excellent food. American management, reasonable rates. 20 minutes from Cuernavaca, 1½ hours from Mexico City. Free brochure. POSADA DEL TEPOZTECO, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico.

SERVING YOU IN THE MANNER TO WHICH you'd like to become accustomed. Beekman Tower Hotel—overlooking United Nations and East River—minutes from midtown in exclusive Beekman Hill, featuring most marvelous view in all Manhattan. Top 'o the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. Pleasant outlook on rates, too. 49th Street at East River, New York 17, N. Y. Write for folder R.

YOU ARE ENTITLED TO AN EXPLANATION, as you travel in Europe, of the deper meanings of what you see. That is what the non-profit BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL has been offering for sixty-seven years. That is why traveling with the Bureau often becomes a habit—but there is always a first time. Write us for information. BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL, 11-b Boyd Street, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

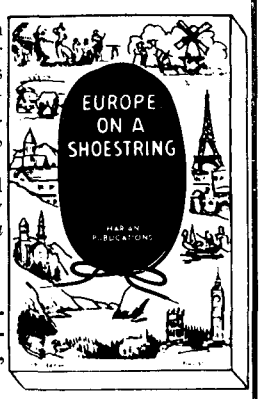
IF YOUR TEENAGER is too old for summer camp, too young for work, interested in new experiences, eager for adventure . . . we have the answer. SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1959. Intercultural-Coeducational. Travel with young people of many countries. Brochure available. SCOPE—Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York. OLympia 7-6685.

FREIGHTER TRAVELERS and those who would like to be, are invited to join new organization. Dues of $3.00 per year include subscription to Freighter Travel News, a monthly publication written by and for freighter travelers. Write for sample copy. FREIGHTER TRAVEL CLUB, P.O. Box 526, Caldwell, Idaho.

Our NORTH CAPE CRUISE is but one feature of an unusual NORTHLAND TOUR including fjords of Norway, Lapland, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark. Escorted. Complete cost $1,195. Write Professor Rudasill, NORTHLAND TOURS, Box 7151, Baltimore 18, Maryland.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EUROPE ON A SHOESTRING



It probably costs much less than you think to see Europe. For one thing there are many low cost tours originating in Europe, the kind that economical Europeans buy for themselves. Some are as low as $5 a day for hotels, meals, sightseeing, etc.

The book that describes these tours and many other ways to see Europe as nearly on a shoestring as possible is *Europe on a Shoestring*.

Here are facts galore on—

What to see from one end of Europe to the other, including England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Scandinavia, etc.

When it's cheaper to rent a car than take your own; how to buy and sell a car overseas.

How to get the most for your money when going via rail, bus, sightseeing coach, etc. How to save on foreign exchange. This part of the book alone will pay for its cost many times over.

In short, it covers everything you want to know—from what to see to how to see it, with facts, facts, facts. There's a handy guide to "How to Say It in 7 European Languages" (that section alone is also worth the price of the book). Of course, it's specific about passports, visas, customs here and in Europe, clothing to take, etc.

"No traveler can afford to go to Europe without this book," writes a travel agent. "Your book saved me enough last year to bring home lots of gifts," writes a woman. "The intelligent traveler's vade mecum to Europe," says the French Government travel office.

For only $2.00, you get this money-saving book, with all its help on seeing Europe comfortably and at low cost. Use coupon.

WHERE TO STAY, EAT, AND SHOP IN WESTERN EUROPE

—and what to see

Where in Europe can you get the best U. S. style meals? What's the best way to see the Shakespeare country, the lake district, or Scotland, or Wales?

In Paris how would you plan a day's sightseeing to bring you to Notre Dame, the big boulevards, the Left Bank, and all else that Paris is famous for? Which nightclubs are really for men only? How would you see the famous chateaus of France, or get the most out of your trip to the Riviera, or visit the Basque country?

What are the three best sightseeing trips out of Madrid? How would you see the best of Denmark on one circular trip? Which is Germany's oldest city, once the home of Roman emperors, and how can you visit it on a tour of the Rhineland?

In short, how will you arrange your own sightseeing in Europe? Will you try to remember hundreds of exciting bits of information like the answers to these and hundreds of other questions? Will you spend hours figuring out how best to work in all the things you want to see, where best to eat, which are the attractive hotels, which shops should be visited—and always wonder if you're missing something important?

There's an easier, quicker way. Let Norman Ford guide you through the pages of his 100,000 word book, "Where to Stay, Eat, and Shop in Western Europe—and What to See."

This is the guide that shows you where to find the Europe you'll always treasure having seen—not only the great sights for which Europe is famous but also the little known places where you find the best of Old Europe. This book is packed with day-by-day itineraries that take you to all that's worth seeing in the major cities and elsewhere in each country.

This, too, is the guide that leads you to the hotels with charm, the restaurants where good food is the chief consideration, and the shops where you get real values. 200 travel experts helped Norman Ford ferret out these real finds where you get the best value for your money, whether you travel on a budget or deluxe or in-between. This book covers every country you can visit from England to Turkey, including France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Germany, Austria, the Low Countries, Scandinavia, etc.

And of course this is also a guide to saving money, for by knowing just where to go for each meal and each night's stay, you'll be spending less while enjoying better meals and stopping at better hotels than if you just went blind. Reader after reader has written Norman Ford, "I've saved the price of your book, and more, every day I was in Europe."

Price only $2—and it's a big book with plenty of maps, lots of solid information, and your guarantee of a perfect vacation in Europe.

OFF-THE-BEATEN PATH

These Are America's Own Bargain Paradises

Where to Retire or Vacation . . . at What Look Like Prewar Prices

In ***Off-the-Beaten Path***, the latest book by Norman Ford, you read of island paradises aplenty in the United States and Canada, of art colonies (artists search for picturesque locations where costs are low!), of areas with almost a perfect climate or with flowers on every side.

Here are the real U.S.A.-brand Shangri-Las made for the man or woman who's had enough of crowds. Here, too, are unspoiled seashore villages, tropics-like islands, and dozens of other spots just about perfect for your retirement or vacation at some of the lowest prices you've heard of since the gone-forever prewar days. And for good measure you also read about the low cost paradises in Hawaii, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico.

You can be sure that ***Off-the-Beaten Path*** names the low cost Florida retirement and vacationing towns, the best values in Texas, the Southwest, California, the South and East, Canada—and a dozen other areas which the crowds have not yet discovered:

- That undiscovered region where winters are as warm as Miami Beach's yet costs can be two-thirds less.
- That island that looks like Hawaii yet is 2000 miles nearer (no expensive sea or air trip to get there).
- France's only remaining outpost in this part of the world—completely surrounded by Canadian territory . . . or a village more Scottish than Scotland or age-old Spanish hamlets right in our own U.S. where relaxation is the order of the day.
- That remarkable town where a fee of 3c a day gives you an almost endless round of barbecues, musicals, concerts, picnics, pot luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners, and a fine arts program.

Off-the-Beaten Path is a big book filled with facts that open the way to a different kind of retirement or vacation made all the more attractive by the rock-bottom prices. About 100,000 words and plenty of pictures. Yet it costs only $2.

BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD

Mexico • Majorca West Indies • Peru

Do you know where to find an island right near the U. S. so nearly like Tahiti in appearance, beauty, and color even the natives say it was made from a rainbow? And that costs here are so low you can not only reach it but also stay a while for hardly more than you'd spend at a resort in the U. S.?)

Do you know where to find the world's best mountain hideaways or its most dazzling surf-washed coastal resorts, where even today you can live for a song?

Do you know where it costs less to spend a while, the surroundings are pleasant, and the climate well nigh perfect in such places as Mexico, the West Indies, Peru, France, along the Mediterranean, and in the world's other low cost wonderlands?

Or if you've thought of more distant places, do you know which of the South Sea Islands are as unspoiled today as in Conrad's day? Or which is the one spot world travelers call the most beautiful place on earth, where two can live in sheer luxury, with a retinue of servants for only $175 a month?

Bargain Paradises of the World, a big book with about 100 photos and 4 maps, proves that if you can afford a vacation in the U. S., the rest of the world is closer than you think. Authors Norman D. Ford and William Redgrave, honorary vice presidents of the British Globe Trotters Club, show that the American dollar is respected all over the world and buys a lot more than you'd give it credit for.

Yes, if you're planning to retire, this book shows that you can live for months on end in the world's wonderlands for hardly more than you'd spend for a few months at home. Or if you've dreamed of taking time out for a real rest, this book shows how you can afford it.

In any case, when it can cost as little as $24.50 from the U. S. border to reach some of the world's Bargain Paradises, it's time you learned how much you can do on the money you've got. Send now for **Bargain Paradises of the World.** Price $1.50. Use coupon to order.

Only $134 to Buenos AIRES?

If you know ALL the ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend $550-$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer ticket to Buenos Aires, or you can get there for $134 in fares via bus, rail, and boat through colorful Mexico, Panama, Colombia, Peru, the Andes, etc.

You could spend $5000 on a luxury cruise around the world or under $1000 by connecting steamers. You can island-hop around the West Indies via plane for several hundred dollars—or see the islands more leisurely by motor schooner for much, much less. There's hardly a place on earth you can't reach for less if you know ALL the travel ways.

Norman Ford, founder of the Globetrotters Club and America's top expert on low cost travel, has gathered into one handy book dozens upon dozens of specific travel routings to all parts of the world—Mexico, South America, Europe, Africa and the Mediterranean, the Far East, Australia, the South Seas, etc.—so that you can see more at prices you can afford by combining freighter, liner, rail, bus, plane, and other competing services.

Over and over again he proves that you can travel now—that you don't have to wait for some far-off day when you've saved much more money.

$1.50 brings you his big guide, "How to Travel Without Being Rich." Get it now to discover how much of the world you can see now.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEXICO

Where two can live (and vacation)
More cheaply than one (IN THE U. S. A.)

MEXICO is the land of travel values, where prices look like ours way back in 1935. With Norman Ford, founder of the world famous Globetrotters Club, to guide you, you can really see Mexico as well as Guatemala, Panama and other lands in Central America at so low a cost you can get there and back again, as well as visit for a while, yet spend less than you would for an ordinary vacation back home.

His big book, *The Fiesta Lands—through Mexico and Central America on a Shoestring*, details full sightseeing plans for exactly the time you can spare—whether it's a weekend, two weeks, or longer. He makes sure you know how to get around easily and quickly by auto, rail, bus, ship, or plane, as you choose to go. Always, too, he makes sure you get real value for your money, and he tell you just where to go for the real finds in hotels, restaurants, and shops.

With his help you'll stop at hotels with gardenia-filled swimming pools; you'll know where to find low priced tropical resorts and luxury hotels at low, low prices. You'll select the hotels with 1st class dining rooms (do you want seafood, French pastries, smorgasbord or do you want Swiss, Italian, American, or Spanish cooking?). You'll find places set amidst orchards or coconut palms, or overlooking a long tropical beach. You'll find city hotels built around flowered patios, you'll know where to dance, nightclub, find excellent fishing.

Through his sound advice you never overspend, travel blind, or waste your time. So sound a book, so packed with facts, Esso Touring Service, the governments below the border and thousands of Americans who have found it the practical guide to these lands of real travel values—all advise you to read it, study it, and take it with you. Price $2.

Are You Going to the West Indies? BERMUDA? NASSAU?

Now, with the help of William Redgrave's huge new book *Islands in the Wind*, you can have your West Indies vacation—see it all, do it all—yet spend no more than would a long-time resident of the islands who knows "all the ropes."

Over and over again William Redgrave shows that a West Indies vacation needn't be expensive—not if you follow his many tips on how to cut sightseeing costs and where to find the charming, comfortable lower cost hotels which island-wise residents know about. He shows you the lowest cost ways of island hopping, tells where to go for the best shopping buys (you're going to spend money on souvenirs and other purchases anyway—so why not know where you can get the best workmanship and the best prices?). Through his help you know just where to go for meals, where to find the best places to swim, dance, and nightclub, and the many tricks island residents know for making one dollar do the job that only two dollars can do for travelers coming here blind.

Islands in the Wind covers every single island of importance from Bermuda way down to Trinidad, that incredible British colony where the calypso was born, Indian mosques pierce the sky, and brown women from Malaya wear flowered sarongs. This big book gives you the information you want about Nassau, Cuba, the free ports in the Virgin Islands, Jamaica, the British, Dutch, and French West Indies.

Many maps, a huge book—and only $2.50, which you can save many times over even as you plan your trip.

How Much You've Missed in New England!

Do you know where to find all its magnificent mountains, its best preserved colonial villages and its living reproductions of historic towns? Do you know how best to visit its deep canyons (which New Englanders call "gaps"); its world-famous national park, its maritime villages (including that living museum where you can roam the decks of a down-east square-rigged ship)? Can you link them all in one circular tour of New England? Do you know where to find the best fishing, hunting, swimming, the finest vacation spots in the mountains or at the beach? Where to find the best accommodations at the price you want to pay?

There's so much to see in New England—chances are, much more than you've ever seen. Don't miss it on your next trip.

Let William Redgrave's big book *All of New England* help you. As detailed and complete as all Harian books, this big book costs only $1.50.

STOP SAYING THAT TRAVEL IS TOO EXPENSIVE

Passenger-Carrying FREIGHTERS Are the Secret of Low Cost Travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take a never-to-be forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get; large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or elsewhere. Name the port and the chances you can find it listed in **Travel Routes Around the World.** This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get **Travel Routes Around the World.**"

It's yours for just $1, and the big 136-page 1959 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called "How to See the World at Low Cost," plus pages and pages of maps.

A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

HOW TO TRAVEL— And Get Paid For it

There's a traveling job waiting for you somewhere—on a ship, with an airline, in overseas branches of American firms, in foreign firms, in foreign countries—even exploring if you're adventurous.

The full story of what job you can fill and the pay you will receive is in Norman Ford's new book, HOW TO GET A JOB THAT TAKES YOU TRAVELING. Whether you're male or female, young or old—whether you hanker for a lifetime career that takes you traveling or whether you just want to roam the world for a short year or two, in this big book you'll find the facts you need.

You learn all about jobs in travel agencies (including jobs as tour conductors), in importing and exporting concerns, with mining and construction companies. Here's the story of jobs in the Red Cross and the UN organizations, how doctors get jobs on ships, the almost-sure way for a young girl to land a job as an airline hostess, the wonderful travel opportunities for anyone who knows stenography.

Of course the book is complete with names and addresses, and with full details about the preparations you must make. You learn which countries to head for, the cautions to observe, even where it's perfectly possible to write to from your own home for a job overseas.

"Can a man or woman still work his or her way around the world today?" Norman Ford asks in this book, as you might ask today. And he replies in 75,000 words of facts, "The answer is still a very definite Yes!" Price $1.50.

FILL OUT AND SEND AT ONCE FOR QUICK DELIVERY

Mail to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 186 King St.
GREENLAWN (Long Island), New York

I have enclosed $.....(cash, check, or money order). Please send me the books checked below. YOU WILL REFUND MY MONEY IF I AM NOT SATISFIED.

- ☐ All of New England. $1.50.
- ☐ Europe on a Shoestring. $2.00.
- ☐ Where to Stay, Eat, and Shop in Western Europe—and What to See. $2.
- ☐ The Fiesta Lands (How to see Mexico, Guatemala, etc. at prices you can afford). $2.
- ☐ Islands in the Wind (the guide to Bermuda, Nassau, and the West Indies). $2.50.
- ☐ How to Get a Job That Takes You Traveling. $1.50.
- ☐ How to Travel Without Being Rich. $1.50.
- ☐ Travel Routes Around the World—how to travel via freighter, the lower cost way. $1.
- ☐ Bargain Paradises of the World. $1.50.
- ☐ Off-the-Beaten Path—America's own bargain paradises. $2.

- ☐ ***Special offer #1: Any $6 worth of above books for $5***
- ☐ ***Special offer #2: All books above ($17.50 worth) for $12.50***

Print name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Want to know the inside facts on the critics?

Read the first book which examines, instructs, names names and tells the whole story of literary, musical, theatrical, radio and TV criticism and reviewing in the U.S.A. today!

Critical Writing for the Journalist

by ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

Dr. Wolseley helps the critic realize the full extent of his responsibility and to remain aware of his readers' or his listeners' needs—then to go beyond mere needs to help form cultural tastes and habits. Authoritative, amazingly direct and packed with information.

$5.00 *at your bookseller or mail to*

CHILTON BOOK DIVISION
Philadelphia 39, Pa.

MIDDLEBURY

Bread Loaf School of English

June 24-August 8

1959

Director: REGINALD L. COOK

A distinguished faculty, including:
CARLOS BAKER, Princeton University
DONALD DAVIDSON, Vanderbilt University
ELIZABETH DREW, Smith College
GEORGE GIBIAN, Smith College
MAURICE KELLEY, Princeton University
WILLIAM MEREDITH, Connecticut College
ERIE VOLKERT, Middlebury College
STEPHEN WHICHER, Cornell University

Special Lecturer: ROBERT FROST

Stimulating new courses, including:
THE REBEL IN AMERICAN FICTION, THE COMIC, STAGECRAFT, WHITMAN AND DICKINSON, THE EARLY ENGLISH RENAISSANCE, THE EUROPEAN NOVEL, ELEMENTS IN WRITING.

Graduate Program leading to the Master's Degree

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Middlebury College Middlebury 3, Vermont

HOW TO ENRICH YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION

Enrich your child's school work with Calvert's famous home-study courses. Kindergarten—8th grade: history, geography, arithmetic, science, poetry, cultural subjects, skills, etc. Ideal way to enrich educational experience of superior child. Teaching manual for parents. 53rd yr. Non-profit. Free catalog.

CALVERT SCHOOL
The School That Comes to You
330 Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md.

Is Democracy Possible?

Continued from page 17

which has not been seen since the Founding Fathers.

Well, suppose we got this remodeling done. Could we then turn ourselves into active, responsible, participating citizens? Wouldn't the bureaucracy, though better, and administering better laws, still have us by the throat? The answer depends partly on our capacity for political invention, which in 1787 was quite large, and partly on what participation means. If we can be equipped for the dialogue and then invent the means by which the bureaucracy can hear it and be made responsive to it, we shall have come a long way from where we are now in relation, for example, to the State Department and the Atomic Energy Commission. Then political participation would mean not only what it too often means exclusively now, the ballot, but also participation in the dialogue about the ends and means of the political society. We would be a community learning together, and the bureaucracy would be learning, too.

The notion that the sole concern of a free society is the limitation of governmental authority and that that government is best which governs least is certainly archaic. Our object today is not to weaken government in competition with other centers of power, but rather to strengthen it as the agency charged with the responsibility for the common good. That government is best which governs best. Mr. Hoover could see no constitutional way of coping with depression, as Buchanan before him could see no constitutional way of coping with secession. We started out to show in 1932 that our institutions were sufficiently flexible to care for the welfare of all the people. The demonstration was never made. We have got instead the pressure group state, which cares for the welfare of those who are well enough organized to put on the pressure.

THE genealogy of this development is strange. When I was a boy, we knew what stood between us and freedom, justice and equality: it was special privilege. Get rid of special privilege, we said, and the common good will be achieved. In our time pacification has been attained not by getting rid of special privilege, but by extending it, by extending it to those well enough organized to threaten the special privileges under attack.

Is the tariff hurting the farmers? Retain the tariff and subsidize the farmers. Are administered prices hurting labor? Let's have administered wages, too. Is industry demoralized by expense accounts and tax dodges? Let's have featherbedding in labor, too. Is something done by some group antisocial? Let's all of us—all of us who can put on the pressure—be antisocial, too. And if a Federal agency is established to regulate us, never fear, we have the pressure that will shortly make the agency the servant and mouthpiece of the interests it was intended to control. And as we laughingly count our gains at the expense of the public, we can reverently repeat the solemn incantation that helped to make them possible: that government is best which governs least.

THE Constiution must protect the citizen against the government. The government must protect him against the pressure groups. The government must protect him against society and the rapacity of organizations in it by seeing to it that these organizations pursue purposes and programs consonant with the common good.

The stresses and strains in our society are obscured for us partly by our preoccupation with Russia, which plays a curious double role in our lives as the devil in our world and as the standard by which we measure our progress. If we weren't getting ahead of Russia, or falling behind her, how could we tell where we were?

Our real problems are also concealed from us by our current remarkable prosperity, which results in part from the production of arms that we do not expect to use and in part from our new way of getting rich, which is to buy things from one another that we do not want at prices we cannot pay on terms we cannot meet because of advertising we do not believe.

But beneath these superficial manifestations, fantasies of fear on the one hand and wealth on the other, are moving those great, fundamental, historic forces which will put our institutions and our democratic faith to the test. This is the basic fact of our life as a people.

I have never subscribed to the proposition once debated in the Oxford Union, that in the opinion of this House Columbus went too far. Nor can I bring myself to refer to man as he is now referred to in military technology, as a "biomechanical link." If Columbus had not gone so far, man might never have had the chance to become anything more than a biomechanical link. America is still the hope of mankind. It is still our responsibility, now more than ever, to see to it that government of the people, by the people and for the people does not perish from the earth.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1300

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Amer. scientific editor and author (contemporary; *Scientific Amer., Popular Science Monthly, N.Y. Times*, etc.).	143 109 171 140 43 150 34 84 137 6
B. Violent misdoing.	166 16 90 165 1 68 87
C. What Bartimeus prayed to behold (3 wds.; Bryant's poem).	61 51 125 173 94 136 24 57 35 107
D. Storied position of the Mugwump (3 wds.).	11 79 126 105 114 112 14 64 49 82
E. Floral burden of many a beautiful college girl (2 wds.).	176 20 40 46 32 73 122 55 131 9
F. Natives of northern Luzon.	157 117 145 152 169 156 129
G. Chatty gossip (colloq.).	59 25 146 28 77 128 48 158 170
H. One nickname of the big English painter in "Trilby."	159 174 135 172 95
I. Living thing affording subsistence to a parasite.	91 72 54 86
J. Specious but fallacious argument.	63 22 161 144 19 26
K. The number greater than half.	15 164 168 78 45 155 96 175

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. How a boat in need of repair is hauled onto a marine railway (3 wds.).	62 47 76 13 38 30 27 162 121
M. Gross sensuality.	17 97 23 89 58 80 134 41 44 178 138
N. To register.	4 99 102 110 53 83 18 31 10 154
O. Assembly; at Oxford, advisory body of M.A.'s.	65 33 177 52 127 5 29 149 74 115 56
P. Absence or impairment of sense of taste.	69 42 118 148 81 104 92 100
Q. Furthest recession of tidal waters (2 wds.).	36 8 119 88 71 50 163 130 147
R. A division or segment, as of an orange.	21 7 133 160
S. Contained permanently (3 wds., two of which are listed in Webster as a phrase).	123 67 167 139 132 113 111 98 3
T. Familiar name for a noble informational project, 1947-8, carrying basic historic documents all over the U.S., (from a letter of Columbus, the Mayflower Pact, through World War II; 2 wds.).	60 39 108 106 2 151 153 12 116 75 142 124
U. Weariness or exhaustion from defects of vision, overuse of the sight, etc.	141 101 103 70 37 93 120 66 85

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 B	2 T	3 S	4 N	5 O	6 A	7 R	8 Q	9 E		10 N	11 D		12 T	13 L
14 D		15 K	16 B	17 M	18 N	19 J	20 E	21 R		22 J	23 M	24 C	25 G		26 J	27 L
28 G		29 O		30 L	31 N	32 E		33 O	34 A		35 C	36 Q	37 U	38 L	39 T	40 E
41 M	42 P		43 A	44 M	45 K	46 E	47 L	48 G	49 D	50 Q	51 C	52 O	53 N	54 I		55 E
56 O	57 C		58 M	59 G	60 T	61 C	62 L	63 J	64 D	65 O	66 U	67 S	68 B		69 P	70 U
71 Q	72 I	73 E	74 O	75 T	76 L	77 G	78 K	79 D	80 M		81 P	82 D	83 N	84 A	85 U	86 I
87 B	88 Q	89 M		90 B	91 I	92 P	93 U	94 C	95 H	–	96 K	97 M	98 S		99 N	100 P
101 U		102 N	103 U		104 P	105 D	106 T		107 C	108 T	109 A	110 N		111 S	112 D	
113 S	114 D	115 O	116 T	117 F	118 P		119 Q	120 U	121 L	122 E	123 S	124 T	125 C	126 D	127 O	128 G
129 F		130 Q	131 E	132 S	133 R	134 M		135 H	136 C	137 A		138 M	139 S	140 A	141 U	
142 T		143 A	144 J	145 F	146 G		147 Q	148 P	149 O		150 A	151 T	152 F		153 T	154 N
	155 K	156 F		157 F	158 G		159 H	160 R	161 J		162 L	163 Q	164 K	165 B		166 B
167 S		168 K	169 F	170 G	171 A	172 H		173 C	174 H	175 K	176 E	177 O	178 M			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Tom Hollyman took our photograph three days out of Vancouver. You can also sail from Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Now you can swim to Australia—on an Orient & Pacific liner

YOU are bound for the South Seas aboard Orient & Pacific's golden *Orsova*. There are sixteen days of cruising luxury between you and Australia. A marvelous thought.

You're looking down at the *Orsova's* blue-tiled First Class swimming pool. It's a wonderful place to contemplate the richness of your life. An English steward serves you drinks in pewter tankards by the poolside. Or you can sip a demi-tasse in a seagoing sidewalk café nearby.

It's all very international. Dinner runs to eleven courses, lunch to nine. And Orient & Pacific chefs are trained on the Continent.

At night, there's dancing. You meet new friends. Ignore the clock. And when the parties end, you sleep like a baby. Your liner's underwater wings smooth oceans into millponds.

See your travel agent now. Round-trip fares to Australia start at $604, to the Far East at $672.

Orient & Pacific Lines: Suite H, 210 Post Street, San Francisco. *Cunard Line:* General Passenger Agents in United States and Canada.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED